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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

UNDER German leadership Turkey has at last taken the plunge into war. There has been no declaration, and it may turn out that the German naval officers acted at the end with the authority rather of the Young Turkish extremists than of the Sultan. The first act of war was the bombardment of the unfortified Crimean port of Theodosia by the "Breslau." This achievement bore the German sign-manual—the cathedral was injured. In the Black Sea it is probable that the Turco-German navy will establish a superiority, for the Russians have no ship of the speed or armament of the "Goeben." The Germans evidently reckon that the Allied fleet will not venture to attack the Dardanelles; that remains to be seen. The Turkish offensive will presumably attempt two main adventures. The first will be an invasion of the Russian Caucasus, for which purpose most of the best Turkish troops were lately removed from Thrace to Armenia. Russia has a large force ready to meet this move, and the Turks have no railways behind them, a disadvantage which may, however, be exaggerated in view of their failure to use railways effectively in the Balkan War. They may also attempt something in Persia.

THE second effort of the Turks will doubtless be directed against Egypt. They have been gathering forces for some time past in Syria and Palestine, but the Suez Canal is well garrisoned by British forces. A march through the Sinai Peninsula will not be an easy achievement, and could not be attempted by any very large force. The desert route can be commanded by our ships, a

danger which none of the conquerors have had to face who invaded Egypt by this road in the past. There is little doubt about the efficiency of the native Egyptian army. The Young Turks have, as usual, behaved with consummate folly in minor matters. Not content with challenging the Triple Entente, they have up to the last moment continued their policy of irritation against the Greek population in Turkey. They will be more lucky than they deserve if they have failed to bring the Greeks into the field against them. It is probable that Roumania and Bulgaria will remain neutral, but even they might find reserve difficult to maintain in all circumstances.

It is not surprising that this war, which began at Belgrade in a struggle between Slav and Teuton for the hegemony of the Balkans, should have extended to the whole field of the Near, and perhaps the Middle, East. The issue in the war is now nothing less than a complete re-settlement of the Old World. A decisive Allied victory would now end with the Russians in Constantinople, the annexation of the Armenian provinces to the Caucasus, the final cutting loose of Egypt from Turkish suzerainty, perhaps in Arab-Syrian independence, and doubtless also in some marking out of French and British economic spheres of influence in Syria and Mesopotamia, while Greece also stands to gain. Turkey, in short, may become a modest Anatolian kingdom. The other alternative would, of course, be the extension of Austro-German hegemony over the entire Near East, from Vienna to Bagdad. The local struggle in the East is of importance primarily because it will in some degree force the Russians and ourselves to dissipate our forces, at least to maintain the defensive. But the real decision of this and all the extra-European issues of the war will be on European battlefields.

THE massive advance of German armies numbering about two million men has met with a series of reverses all along the line in Poland. It had reached the outskirts of Warsaw, threatened the two bridges over the Vistula, at Warsaw and at Ivangorod. It actually attempted a crossing lower down at Josefov. It has been thrown back, as the German news at last admits, most decisively at first from before Warsaw, and hardly less decisively at last, from before Ivangorod. It now occupies a front from sixty to forty miles distant from these two objectives. Its centre has been driven from entrenched positions round Radom, which were only weakly defended. The Russians began apparently by turning its left flank, and were said to have reached Lodz in force. If this should be true, its communications would be in danger, but later reports made this news doubtful, and a fresh German force has appeared at Kutrio, north of Lodz, a move which may check the Russian outflanking march. The fighting in Galicia is heavy and continuous, but evidently less decisive. The Austrians are coming up, not only from Cracow, but over the Carpathians on the Russian flank, and in the Bukovina, far in their rear, though in this last region it is now reported that their advance has been hurled back. On the whole, the fighting in

Poland is the most decisive event since the Battle of the Marne, and it is likely to impose on the Germans a longer retreat than followed that defeat.

FROM the French section of the immense battle line, which now stretches from the Swiss frontier to the Belgian coast, the news this week has been meagre. The Germans have made the most of some successes which fell to them at the end of last week near La Bassée. The French *communiqué* on Saturday last acknowledged that the enemy had made progress here. Monday's bulletin accordingly spoke of the French line as running west of La Bassée, but east of Arras. Further German attempts to press the advantage gained at La Bassée by night attacks were, however, repulsed. Lower down on this front, progress by the French was reported between Cambrai and Arras on Wednesday. Along the Aisne there has been a little movement, a French advance near Craonne being followed by a determined but unsuccessful night attack from the Germans. In the east of the French theatre the news is uniformly good, and rather more important. The French have won ground in the Argonne near Varennes, on the line of the Meuse near St. Mihiel, and in the woods of the Woeuvre region. Apparently the Germans have still got their foot in the half-open door of St. Mihiel, but their hold grows steadily less secure. In spite of rumors, there is no news yet of any German attack on Belfort, and we must suppose that the French still hold the lower Vosges Passes and some Alsatian ground east of them.

THE fighting in Belgium has continued all the week. The British flotilla has continued to aid the Belgians by bombarding the German lines, bringing 12-in. guns into play since Tuesday. The Belgians, though some German troops forced one point on the Yser front, have held their ground stubbornly. There has been some advance along the British front, which has Ypres for its centre, but our casualties have been very heavy. Of the fortunes of the French on the right of this northern line we know less, and the German and French accounts are for the first time flatly contradictory. There is unofficial news of a considerable French success at La Bassée, which had seemed to be the weakest part of their line. This northern battle was, in our view, forced upon the Germans by the continuous French advance along and round the main German communications. The Germans had little choice. Unless they can take and hold this coast triangle (Boulogne-Ostend-Lille), the Allies will eventually use it to threaten their rear in Belgium.

AT sea the most important event (apart from the share of our ships in the Belgian battle) has been the sinking of a large British ship through striking a mine off the Donegal coast. The "Manchester Commerce" went down with her captain and thirteen men, and it is believed that another vessel has since shared her fate. The Admiralty has issued a warning against the use of these frequented waters, and as yet the exact extent of the mine-field is not known. This extension of the peril from mines was quite unexpected, and experts have come to the conclusion that as no German vessel could have escaped the vigilance of our patrols round the Irish coast, the mines must have been laid by some ship flying a neutral flag. This conclusion does not seem inevitable when one remembers how the Ulster gun-runners dodged the patrols on the same coast. It is also suspected that German submarines are accompanied on their more distant expeditions by auxiliary trawlers disguised under a neutral flag. If such malpractices were to be detected,

they would deserve a severe penalty. The destroyer "Badger" has sunk a German submarine by ramming her off the Dutch coast.

THE revolt of Colonel Maritz has proved to be the starting point of a small rebellion in which most of the leaders of the Hertzog party—though not Hertzog himself—are now actively engaged. General De Wet has taken the field at Heilbron in the Orange Colony, and General Beyers commands in the Western Transvaal. This party, whose hostility to General Botha dates from the Peace of Vereeniging, had all along held the doctrine of South Africa's optional neutrality in any European quarrel—a theory which some Canadians and Australians used also to favor. The movement is not apparently aimed at the Union. It is unlikely that there would have been any rising had not the Imperial authorities asked the Union Government to conduct the campaign in German South-West Africa. Botha's assent having been given, the Boer-Nationalist gun has been turned on him.

LORD BUXTON is wisely endeavoring to allay the discontent of the Boers, who shrink from a campaign against a German colony which has a large Boer population, by announcing that burghers will not be punished for refusing to take up arms. Individual neutrality, in short, will be tolerated. In the field, however, the Government is acting with proper energy. General Botha has in person led a prompt attack on Beyers' commando, near Rustenburg, pursued it for a day, and captured eighty men. Maritz has also been driven from his camp at Kakamas, and forced back into German territory, with a loss of 124 prisoners. These swift blows may check the spread of this deplorable revolt. Such small strength as it may attain is likely to be in the old Free State, the more moderate of the republics before the war, but much the more unyielding in its later phases.

THOUGH there is no confirmation of the news that a German force has invaded Portuguese Angola, the entry of Portugal into the fray is apparently already determined. She is preparing not merely to attack the German colonies in Africa, but also, it is said, to send an expeditionary force to France. That the old treaty of alliance of the Napoleonic era was recently renewed was often repeated in the press, but never communicated to Parliament. The "Berliner Tageblatt" quotes from the Danish "Berlingske Tidende" an interview with the Portuguese Minister in Rome, in which he divulges its text. It is apparently a general defensive alliance, though we are not quite clear from the clauses quoted, whether an attack by an enemy on a colony of either ally is the only *casus fœderis*. One clause defines the obligation to render assistance as arising if "a possession or colony" is attacked, but a later clause speaks generally of "the territory" of the allies, and specifies that the assistance shall be rendered either overseas or on the Continent. If such a treaty has been concluded, it is a further instance of the secrecy of Foreign Office methods. Every fresh diplomatic disclosure since the war emphasizes the importance of a franker policy with the nation.

OUR sensational press has done its country the service of forcing its brilliant First Sea Lord into resignation. Prince Louis of Battenberg (within a few hours of the death of his nephew in our fighting line) has gone, after telling the Navy, in a manly letter, that his "birth and parentage" in some respects impair his usefulness at the Admiralty. If a strain of hostile alien parentage is to

count against a life's devotion, or the clear and striking witness of character and personality, we and other nations shall have to make a good many re-arrangements in our services. The Kaiser might have to atone for an English mother by abdicating in favor of a son who only possesses an English grand-mother, and several members of King George's family besides Prince Louis might be called on for appropriate atonement for their various degrees of ante-natal impropriety. We confess our astonishment that the resignation was accepted, considering the sources from which it was pressed, especially in view of the letter in which Mr. Churchill gravely recounts Prince Louis's exemplary services to the Navy. We are glad to see that the King has made him a member of the Privy Council. His place is apparently to be filled by Lord Fisher, and we hope to see Sir Arthur Wilson restored to an authoritative position in council.

* * *

THE famous letter which the Kaiser sent to the late Lord Tweedmouth, when that statesman was First Lord of the Admiralty, has been published by the "Morning Post." It proves to be much more than the private communication it was first declared to be. It was very friendly in tone, very warm in its repudiation of a German "challenge" to British supremacy, and highly expressive of the Kaiser's desire to see the ensign of the British Navy "wave on the same side" as his own. But its significance is that it destroyed the hope of a common reduction of armaments. Both nations must build according to their "needs," and neither was to question or limit the other's right of interpretation of them. It is enough to say that that policy has led straight to the present war.

* * *

It is surprising that the anarchy in Albania and the utter extinction of the Concert have only, after three months, tempted the neighboring Powers to move. Greece has this week sent a note to the Powers, in which she announces that she proposes to re-occupy the portion of Southern Albania which she held during the Balkan wars, and evacuated this spring. Its condition under the Epirote bands (mainly Greek ex-soldiers) was one of indescribable misery, and the Moslem population was either expelled or massacred. Each side in turn has burned most of the villages. The Greek Army will be preferable at all events to this irregular force. M. Venezelos has given assurances that the occupation shall be provisional, and that he does not question the decision of the Conference of London. The Opposition in the Greek Chamber has, however, demanded that it shall be permanent. The Powers generally approve the Greek move, and Italy is sending warships, hospitals, and relief to Vallona, ostensibly to succour the thousands of destitute Albanian refugees with which that town is filled.

* * *

SOME data for estimating German casualties are obtainable this week. The Leipzig Socialist "Volkszeitung" has been at pains to count the names in the first fifty published Prussian lists. They total 251,000, including 36,000 killed and 55,000 missing. This carries us only to the middle of September, and the "Volkszeitung" supposes that the Prussian total must now be about three-quarters of a million. The Bavarian, Saxon, and Wurttemberg lists would, of course, add immensely to this total. No less interesting is a calculation by the economist, Professor Julius Wolf. He estimates the daily cost of all

the armies in the field at 7½ millions sterling, and that of the German army at two millions daily. Three months of war have thus cost Europe some £350,000,000—a bill which he thinks the vanquished will have to pay. The devastation caused by the Russians in East Prussia, and by the French in Alsace, he reckons at 50 millions. He was apparently too discreet to estimate the loss caused by German devastation in Belgium and Poland.

* * *

MEASURES have been taken during the last week to organize the relief of Belgian distress both in Belgium and here. The chief difficulty in the case of the population threatened with famine on its own soil arose from the occupation of a hostile army which was likely to seize any food that was sent to Belgium for its own needs. We suggested last week that the neutral Powers might step in and supervise the distribution of the food sent to Belgium. The American and Spanish Ambassadors have now undertaken this humane office, and the chief difficulty in the way of feeding Belgium thus disappears. As Belgium usually imports 60 per cent. of her food, and as her territory has been plundered and laid waste by the Germans, the extent of her need is apparent. The general sense of our special and profound obligations well demand an immediate and generous grant of money from the Government. Help must be given with unsparing hand, and it must be given promptly.

* * *

MONEY is wanted, not only for feeding Belgium, but for feeding the Belgians in Holland. This can surely be done by a grant to the Belgian Government, to be dispensed by the Belgian Consuls in Holland. We print a letter this week giving some figures that show how terrible a burden has been cast on the generosity of the Dutch, and how grave a responsibility we owe to both peoples. It would be an undying shame to us if in all this misery our Government remained idle, and we hope that measures will be taken at once to give effect to obligations that the whole nation acknowledges. The Local Government Board has formed a committee this week to consider and organize, in association with Lord Gladstone's Committee, the resources of hospitality and employment for the Belgian refugees in this country.

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It is disappointing that another week has passed without any announcement from the Government on the subject of pensions for the dependents of soldiers and sailors as well as for those disabled in war. A new summons for recruits has been issued, and yet the country is still left in doubt as to the treatment its defenders may expect. The columns of the "Daily Citizen" show how strong and widespread is the indignation with which existing conditions are regarded. They are the legacy of a past atmosphere which still clings about the governing world, though elsewhere society has grown out of it. A large number of social problems spring from the niggardly and unintelligent treatment of our soldiers and sailors, as Mr. Norman Hill has shown by his analysis of the conditions in Liverpool. We can attack these problems on one side by paying men properly and by paying their dependents properly. We have also to organize a rational life of amusement and interests for the thousands of men who have to spend the winter in drills and route marches. Here private enterprise and private liberality can do a good deal, and we hope the Government will stimulate and second these endeavors by some such plan as that recommended by Miss Lena Ashwell for subsidizing theatrical companies for performances at the several camps.

Politics and Affairs.

PROBLEMS OF WAR AND PEACE.

WE possess no exact measure of the causes of the rising in the Orange Colony and the Western Transvaal, and of De Wet's and Beyers's association with it, but we may be confident that it is not a rebellion against the British connection. For what is that connection? Nothing that history or common-sense would call an Imperium. The South Africa of to-day is no British colony of the type prevailing up to the close of last century. She is a free nation. She pays no tribute or taxes. She enjoys complete federal and local independence, under the suzerainty which, since the constitution of the Union, has only been exercised in furtherance of the will of her own Ministry, a Republic in all but the name. After our refusal to stop the Indemnity Bill, South Africa may well consider herself relieved of the nominal Imperial veto. The problems of her trade, of her defensive relationship to the Empire, are for her, not for us to solve. The nationalist section of the Dutch party, which has made this sedition, and the backveld farmers who are its strength, may cling to the abstract notion of a Republic. But men who have no material grievance, and who see the ideals of their old liberty rising in higher forms of dignity and power, do not long cherish the impossible. Against whom is their quarrel? Against the present British Government which, in its two phases of Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman's and Mr. Asquith's leadership, gave them back their political rights and left them free to cement the two Dutch States into a Union in which their generals and leaders have ever since held political power? Beyers, who was long identified with the personal grievances of the Dutch farmers under the war and the compensation system, and De Wet, who embodied merely the military genius of the Dutch but not their political sense, may never have fully accepted the change. The more cultivated Hertzog has half-accepted and half-repudiated it. But in each instance these Dutch leaders are at war less with us than with their own Premier-General. We shall not retaliate. The policy of the South African War is dead. It is General Botha and General Smuts who will settle accounts with General Beyers and General De Wet.

This rebellion, therefore, treacherous as it is, represents in the main a new and violent breach between the Moderate and the Nationalist Dutch, taken on the view, common for some years in Canada and Australia, that the free colonies should hold aloof from Imperial wars, or at least should not go outside their borders in order to wage them. In other words, the Empire was to protect South Africa, but South Africa had no concern with the Empire's peril or need. Against this selfish doctrine Botha has always had two replies. The first was that it was ungenerous, short-sighted, and essentially disloyal; the second that the Germans in South-West Africa began the invasion of the Union. He and General Smuts have not prevailed against the stiff-necked leaders of the minority. But they have drawn in powerful representatives of Dutch feeling, secular and

religious, like Mr. Reitz, Mr. Schalk Burger, Mr. Bosman, and we hope Mr. Steyn, the most interesting and pathetic figure of the war of 1899. But the minority have held on the point of resisting forcible enrolment under the Defence Act. They have not talked pro-Germanism, and they probably do not think it; for no ideals clash more violently than the Prussian militarist State and the life of the easy-going Boer, whose war-making still resembles the old medieval levy of retainers. But these men's minds move slowly, and they have had leaders completely lacking in Botha's calmness and political wisdom. Against this present campaign, carried on in the two fortresses of the old Boer resistance, he and we are strongly armed in justice and in policy. It would have been ill for us if we had carried on Lord Milner's war of subjugation, or had paused to take the difficult leap from conquest to complete self-government, or if we had got less than the free signature of the Dutch people to the peace and the Union. It might have been ill if we had not allowed South Africa a free hand in settling the tactical point of the kind of enlistment she proposes for the rather thankless expedition to German South-West Africa. But she is her own mistress. We asked for her help against South-West Africa, but we did not demand it. She can pursue the war as she pleases. She can enforce the Defence Act, or she can summon volunteers. Her Government does not, it seems, propose to make refusals to serve a ground for prosecution for treason, and only requires its objecting citizens to stay quietly at home. For the rest, Botha's political and military genius, the shrewd and amiable bent of his character, will solve so much of the Dutch problem as the Peace of Vereeniging, and the following concession of South African independence, left unsettled.

I come to some more general aspects of the struggle, and for the moment our eyes must be turned homewards. Roughly speaking, there are two conflicting theories about the end of the war. The first looks at a Europe rescued, as far as possible, from the rule of force, and brought, as far as may be, under the rule of law, and desires to prepare the forms and institutions which will guarantee this great boon. The second is, strangely enough, a Conservative theory. It is that a peace may be concluded which will leave the Continental Powers, in their balance and relationship, pretty well as they are, but will impose on us the burden of conscription. Whatever be the issue of the war, Germany will prepare her *revanche* on her particular enemy, which is Britain. The "Morning Post" thinks it wise and patriotic to press this conclusion in the guise of a letter from a Frenchman who argues that we (who hold the seas for the Allies, and have put into the field in three months some thirty times the number of British soldiers who fought at Inkerman) have played less than our proper part in the struggle, and must be prepared to meet Prussian militarism by Prussianizing our own country. I need hardly point out that in this material concession we give away the whole moral case against Germany, which has been put with extreme eloquence by the Prime Minister in the series of speeches he has just published. If we are to cast out devils by the

organization of more efficient devils—if, in a word, we recognize the general German military case that the main business of a country is the preparation for war—then our special mission and *status* in Europe fall away, and our appeal to America, to the general sense of fighting for a civilized order, falls with it. So far as such counsels have weight in our country, we who desire a peace that will bring peace, and not a starting-point for new wars, riveting on us fresh links of national servitude and banishing the very conception of a free State, are in vital opposition. It is little enough that we desire in the shape of material gains from this war, and we have certainly no thought of a settlement that looks to a dismembered Germany. But if the possible moral gain is to go too, if we abandon all hope of escape from the deadly coil of pressure on our intellectual and moral life, then we must in fairness consider that the justification for continuing it which our own statesmen have specially put forward has gone, and that in its absence the hideous toll of life that we are taking constitutes a senseless robbery of youth and happiness.

I approach one more consideration, which is clearly in the minds of our governors, and which underlies the German attempt to command the Channel seaboard. What of the danger of a raid on these shores? That is a matter for experts to discuss with the knowledge that the naval war has brought, and with their eyes fixed on the striking power and general availability of our fleet. The danger must be small; some of us who hold firm to the naval view must believe it to be almost invisible. But it is, I suppose, a possibility, a shape which need not haunt one at nights, and should not be quite banished from our military calculations. All that the average civilian need contemplate is the spirit in which such an enterprise should be met. And on this point the difference between the British and the Belgian case is plain enough. Germany could never land a continuous stream of reinforcements. She might just conceivably slip in a single expedition. There her resources would stop. Can there be any doubt of the reception with which we are likely to meet any such isolated adventure? I see none at all. Under The Hague Convention, a population is expressly permitted to arm itself in territory unoccupied by the enemy, and such a force must be "regarded as a belligerent if they respect the laws and customs of war." But we need not examine too curiously the light in which a German general might regard the right of resistance of an invaded population. If the Germans obtained a serious hold on the Belgian and French coasts, it might be necessary to insure that every man who could aim and fire a gun with some precision should be given it, and told how to act, alone or in concert, against a force of invasion. One entirely rejects the notion that our people ought to fall behind the Belgians in the instinctive defence of their native soil. In proportion as we are less of a forced military organization than they, would the natural spirit of the people, tested by an extreme emergency, rise to its full capacity of resistance.

H. W. M.

AMERICA'S PART IN THE SETTLEMENT.

As being at once the greatest and the most disinterested of the neutral Powers, the United States is certain to play an extremely important—perhaps a commanding—part in the re-organization of international relations that must follow the conclusion of this war. Indeed, if, as is not unlikely, a joint interposition of neutral Powers, headed by the United States when the first favorable opportunity presents, is the direct instrument for the negotiation of a peace, that country will be able to exercise great moral pressure on the actual terms of settlement. America can do much to restore peace to distracted, unguided Europe. Probably she realizes both the moral hopelessness and the material horrors of the war more than any of the combatants. She has been specially moved by the plight of Belgium, and she might signally help to relieve it. It is, therefore, a matter of profound satisfaction to note the faith, courage, and high seriousness which inspire the utterances of all the great statesmen and party leaders of America. It is a great thing, not only for the United States but for the world, that a man of President Wilson's strong pacific principles and quite remarkable power of personal decision and initiative should be in occupation of the White House. But it is not less satisfactory to know that both of his immediate predecessors, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, are equally alive to the magnitude of the services which the United States may render in the reparation of a broken world, and from their less responsible positions are more outspoken in the constructive proposals which they offer. Both realize that the time is approaching when nations must be prepared to enter into some closer and more permanent relations, involving an abandonment of the complete independence they now possess, and the definite establishment of an instrument of international control. Both find the first stage in this process to consist in the full adoption of a Tribunal of Arbitral Justice, such as was proposed in the Second Hague Conference. Mr. Roosevelt, writing in the "New York Times," favors the establishment of a Court containing representatives of all the nations, sworn to act in a judicial capacity. To such a Court he would, apparently, submit all issues involving international differences, whether "justiciable" in the ordinary sense or not, and he would bind the participant nations to unite with their military forces to enforce its decrees, if such enforcement became necessary. By such measures peace could be secured, and a reduction of national armaments effected by mutual agreement.

If we rightly understand the proposal, which has at present reached us only in brief summary, it marks a definite advance even upon the larger and more considered scheme set forth by Mr. Taft in an important little book, "The United States and Peace" (John Murray). But Mr. Taft has been a much more consistent laborer for good international relations than Mr. Roosevelt. His courageous conduct as President in urging treaties of arbitration, in which issues of honor and vital interests should be included for reference, has hitherto formed the high-water mark of practical pacificism. His fuller exposition of this policy, adapted not merely in particular treaties between two nations, but as an instrument of general international agree-

ment, should command the close attention of all who are looking round for some escape from a return to the horrors and perils of an "armed peace" after the conclusion of this war. "With the formation of The Hague Court of Arbitral Justice, as recommended by the Second Hague Conference, for the consideration of all questions arising between the nations of the world, I shall look with confident hope to the signing within a few decades—or a half-century—of a general treaty or convention by all the Great Powers, in which they shall agree to submit all justiciable controversies to this tribunal."

But must we, can we, afford to wait for "a few decades"? Mr. Taft's essay was written before the outbreak of this war. The frightful crisis through which we are passing ought to prove one of those forcing periods of education in which the mind and conscience of the nations may be laid open to an early recourse to self-protective measures. It is impossible to contemplate without a feeling of utter despair the return of the nations to another period of anarchism qualified by war-alliances, and moving by discernible degrees towards another catastrophe. Out of the Conference which will settle the terms of peace on the conclusion of the war, should there not spring a provision for the early summoning of a Representative International Convention, which should take as its first tasks the establishment of a compulsory Arbitral Court and an agreement for the reduction of armaments? The intimate relation between these two proposals is obvious. A weakening of armed preparations will favor the acceptance of arbitration and of arbitral awards, while the growing confidence in the arbitral method will, in turn, undermine the strength of militarism in all the nations. But, apart from the question of urgency, there are two points in which Mr. Taft's scheme appears to us inadequate to the full demands of the international situation. Approaching the problem with a legal mind, he recognizes rightly the distinction between cases that are "justiciable" and those which are not, and confines the operation of his Arbitral Court of Justice to the former. But many of the gravest differences which arise between nations will not be of such a kind as can be termed "justiciable," especially the class of issues, involving honor and vital interests, that are most likely to bring war. Besides the Arbitral Court, then, there ought to come into existence some other permanent body, with an international structure, endowed with powers of inquiry and of mediation, or, in the last resort, with the power of summoning an international conference for the settlement of non-justiciable differences before they have ripened into conflict. In other words, the Concert of the Powers must be established on a permanent basis and empowered to deal in one of these two ways with all dangerous differences that may from time to time arise between nations or groups of nations.

The other point of doubt has reference to the enforcement of arbitral awards. Mr. Taft appears willing to rely upon international public opinion as a sufficient sanction, at any rate until its insufficiency is proved experimentally. And there is much to be said for this attitude. But there remains this grave difficulty. So long as self-willed States of varying degrees of civilization

are left in the possession of strong armaments (and no early schemes of reduction can prevent this from happening), there will remain a strong temptation either for a single Power, or still more for a group of Powers, stirred by some keen motive of common interest or passion, to repudiate arbitration or to refuse obedience to its award, trusting to the fact that no power of physical compulsion is at the disposal of the Court. Mr. Roosevelt confronts this difficulty and would solve it by binding the Powers to apply their united forces to coerce this national criminal. But the effective operation of this united force would seem to require some organized federal control over the national units of force, so as, on the one hand, to prevent them from engaging in internecine strife; and, on the other, to make them thoroughly available for the supreme task of enforcing international awards and decrees. Such practical problems of international government are profitably raised in connection with the American proposals, and remote as they may appear from the absorbing events of to-day, it would be folly to ignore the only path of security for the future of civilization. Anarchy or government, we must choose between them. The full meaning of the one is visible to-day. May it not evoke the necessary thought, faith, and effort to secure the application of the other?

THE TREATMENT OF THE ALIEN.

A REAL difficulty confronting the Government has been gravely accentuated in the past fortnight by an unreal scare. The reality of the alien enemy problem is that the spy system, which all Powers employ with greater or less efficiency, has, like other things, been worked up by the Germans with exceptional thoroughness, though probably with a highly imaginative degree of success. There is room for the belief that espionage has been practised, and information sent to Germany since the war began. With the advance of the Germans towards the coast, the danger becomes more pressing. Without being scaremongers, we must recognize that our Government cannot afford to take risks, nor can it observe all the legal guarantees which apply in peace. It must do all it knows to prevent the communication of knowledge to the enemy. Now, spies cannot readily be detected, or they would not be successful men in their profession, and the resource that suggests itself is to bring under restraint the whole class of alien enemies, not because it is believed that any large proportion of them would in fact be disloyal to the obligations which they undoubtedly incurred when they came as guests to this country, but because some proportion of them may betray our secrets, and in war time the rights of the individual are little regarded as against the safety of the community.

The Government has seemed in part to have fallen back on this resource. It has, in fact, swept up large numbers of enemy subjects of military age, and conveyed them to concentration camps. This action has been hailed by that portion of the Press which is at once our weakness and our disgrace, as the first stage in a more extensive campaign. The panic-mongers demand the arrest of every enemy, irrespective of sex or age, and they even suggest that Great Britain should shame herself by disregarding naturalization and refusing the rights of

British subjects which her own Government has conferred on men and women of Austrian or German birth, no matter how long their residence in this country, no matter what their ties with this country may be, no matter even if they have given their sons to fight in our army. In short, there has been a Press attempt to generate a most cruel and iniquitous panic. In certain cases, it has succeeded too well, and shops have been wrecked and women struck and insulted because they were Germans, or taken for Germans—in one clearly authenticated case the sufferer was a Russian woman. Apart from the humanitarian aspect of the question, we can conceive nothing more calculated to do us harm abroad than any mistreatment of Germans here. The attitude to the enemy in our midst is one of the things by which neutral opinion judges a nation, and its standard is apt to be severe. Americans visiting England in the early autumn had nothing but praise for the public attitude, its calmness and fortitude. It was one of the elements that went to build up the strength of American opinion in our favor.

This element, it is to be feared, must have been shaken by the events of the past fortnight. More immediate is the danger to the numerous English people still resident in Germany and Austria. On the whole, there is no doubt that hitherto they have been well treated. We may be certain that the stories of looted shops and personal assault will not grow smaller in their passage to Germany, and as the result, we have to fear a considerable access of rigor and a diminution of personal kindness to our unlucky fellow-countrymen. Lastly, the moral effect on our own people is the most serious of all. Nothing has so sustained and consolidated the nation as the conviction that it was fighting not so much the German government as the German spirit and the German method. It has felt itself to be on the side of liberty, and right, and humanity, against Zaborn, against the violation of Belgium, against the burning of Louvain, and the shooting of innocent civilians. Now, the moment that we in our turn begin to disregard the human element, to set at naught scraps of paper—as was bitterly said by a hotel manager who had been forced to dismiss faithful servants and naturalized British subjects—to impose collective penalties and visit the offences or the suspicious acts of individuals on a class, that same moment we begin to impair our sincerity and sow the seeds of self-distrust or else of self-deception.

It is, we are sure, false to suppose that the Government have surrendered to this unworthy panic. We may take it that the arrest of enemies of military age is not intended to lead to their indefinite detention, but is a step in a process of sifting which the situation requires. We must in the end deal with men not in the lump, but as individuals. What the state of war justifies is a relaxation of the guarantees which ordinary law secures. It is right in such a time to arrest and detain men or women on grounds of suspicion which do not amount to legal proof. We may go further and agree that it is right and it may be necessary to examine into the characters, circumstances, and present doings of enemy subjects. But among these enemies the majority would be able to show a perfectly clean

record and to produce respectable witnesses who would willingly go bail for their behavior. We entertain little doubt that the Government will allow them the opportunity of so doing and will restore those who can give a good account of themselves to their liberty and their families. We could wish at the same time that Mr. Asquith or Sir Edward Grey would take occasion to say a word of warning against panic, and to tell well-meaning people that they do not strengthen the hands but only increase the perplexities of the Government when they show their loyalty by raiding butchers' shops or mobbing a Russian lady in mistake for a German. They will not impede the doings of a single spy. They certainly will not dispose a single hesitating alien to be loyal to his obligations to this country. But they may very easily impair our reputation and prejudice the cause of their own fellow-countrymen abroad.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE VISTULA.

If our newspapers told us to-morrow that a Zeppelin had flown over London and killed half-a-dozen civilians at Charing Cross, the immediate sequel would be the rush of thousands, perhaps tens of thousands, to the recruiting stations. If the news were that Warsaw had fallen, it is doubtful whether the new army would gain a hundred recruits. This war is teaching us all to think on a Continental scale; but the lesson is slowly learned, and to most of us it is still something of a paradox that the security of our own shores is at issue on the Vistula, as certainly as it is at stake between Nieuport and Ostend. The fighting in Belgium is rather murderous than dramatic, a slow trial of endurance between two long parallel lines. The battle on the Vistula is, on the contrary, a thing of wide movements, immense changes, visible results, with a clear strategic idea to render it intelligible. Most of us, none the less, watch the battle at our doors with intense concern, glancing only with fitful attention at the eastern theatre, as at some field where "ignorant armies clash by night."

The reason is, perhaps, that our craving for drama has bid us believe that the Kaiser (we must always personify the enemy) has suddenly forgotten everything else in a passionate resolve to challenge England by taking Calais. For our part, we are inclined to question, or at least to reduce, this reading of the fighting in Belgium. Those who adopt it have forgotten how it came about. It is not, as we read the course of events, a struggle which the Germans have chosen, but a struggle which has been forced upon them. We must go back to the days when sanguine headlines were describing the great "claw" which was gradually closing to hold von Kluck in its grip. The claw did not quite close. The French turning move on the German right worked gradually northwards, never contriving to turn. The next phase was a German effort to turn the van of the Allied turning movement by a cavalry rush round Lille and Armentières. That was duly met by Allied cavalry. For two weeks now the Germans have seemed to concentrate on two efforts which both betray the same purpose. One is to break the French north-and-south line about La Bassée. The other is to march round it by the way of the coast.

The reason why these two efforts were made is probably not that any strategical calculation decided them, but rather that the Germans, testing the long cordon at every point, thought they had found here the lines of least resistance. At La Bassée, for one reason or another, the French gave way somewhat. Clearly that was an advantage to press. Along the coast was the Belgian army, whose steadfastness they may have underestimated. Had they scored a decisive success on either of these sections of the Allied lines, they would have had a good chance of securing the whole triangle, Lille-Boulogne-Ostend. That, however, would have been only a beginning. Presumably their objective in the West is still Paris. Their line is only sixty miles from the capital at its nearest point. But this tantalizing proximity is useless, so long as the Allies hold the line Paris-Amiens-Arras upon their extended right flank. Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne may be sentimental objectives; it would be flattering to alarm the English by taking them. They might perhaps be of some use to submarines and air-craft. They are also bases of supply and reinforcement. All these are good reasons for taking them. But the imperative reason is none of these. The imperative reason is that it was the Allies and not the Germans who "set" the battle, to use an ancient phrase, in this particular region. Each side has been manoeuvring to outflank the other, and the mutual turning has come at last to an end at the sea.

As the battle now runs in two unbroken but jagged lines from the Swiss frontier to Dover Straits, there can be no more thought of turning. Each side may break the other's line, but such a line as this may bulge considerably at one point or another without serious disaster. It is the least intelligent form of warfare, and it must be waged by continual frontal attacks. One reads now and again of a bayonet charge, of which the correspondents make the utmost. But for the most part, the vulnerable flesh called infantry, lies steadily in the trenches, a passive target for all the mechanical devilry of the artillery. The battle is decided mainly by the test of which infantry will lie quiet the longest under the shrapnel, or which can muster the biggest reserves to replace the battered human wall. On the whole, it has gone well for our side this week. How far the cause is the guns at sea, and how far the steadiness of the Allied human wall, we cannot say. But the result is that the German attack has gradually weakened. It may be renewed again here. But it might conceivably suit the Germans, for their next aggressive effort, to press harder at the door of St. Mihiel. The western campaign approaches deadlock, in the sense that neither side can achieve any large movement, but this is far from implying any slackening or suspense of effort. Each side will go on feeling for breakable points in the other's line, but a continual flow of reserves behind the lines will tend to keep the pressure even.

Meanwhile, the Battle of the Vistula is won, in the sense that the Germans have been flung back heavily in their massive efforts to reach the only two bridges which cross it, at Warsaw and Ivangorod. If they have not been routed, they have been compelled to accept failure, and their official news admits it with a certain frankness.

The Russians turned them at Warsaw; of the nature of the fighting before Ivangorod we know less. What will follow next is not easy to predict, but in the meanwhile we have every right to regard this victory as a great encouragement. The taking of Warsaw would have been an immense moral gain to the German cause. They might have wintered comfortably there, with the line of the Vistula as a good natural defence, contented themselves with the occupation of the greater part of Poland and the recovery of much of Galicia as a sufficient achievement in the east, and sent back large forces to complete their work in the west. That programme has failed. Their line now straggles over an immense front, with no easily defensible positions. It was expected to make a hard fight in the trenches at Radom, but, perhaps because it was exposed to wide turning movements on its left, it has abandoned this position undefended. It will now be forced back further, at least to the semicircle of low hills before Rawa and Kielce, which might serve it well for a stubborn defensive.

The Russians attribute much of its failure to the hostility of the Polish population, always anti-German, and now provoked by the usual devastations and severities. Another potent reason why Germans have fought at a disadvantage, is that the Polish roads are few and bad, and the railways still fewer. That means that the German army cannot easily use its superiority in heavy artillery. Even in defensive positions along the hills it will have only one direct railway at its service to link it with its bases. The Russians, it is true, are also subject to this disadvantage of bad communications, but to them a deficiency in the mechanical aids to warfare is much less serious. What the pace of this Polish campaign will be, we cannot yet predict. But in spite of the great distances, it is probable that it will move more swiftly than the French campaign. The country has few resources, and an army which cannot achieve its ends swiftly, may be driven by the mere material difficulties of transport and supply to abandon them. It would be easier to reckon on an early German retirement from Poland if the fighting in Galicia were going better. There, however, the battle is nearly stationary. The Austrians have plenty of good roads and railways behind them. Under German leadership they seem to have recovered some of their *moral*. One feels no doubt about the final result either in Galicia or in Poland, but it is difficult to estimate the pace of a success which will be, when it comes, the beginning of the end.

A London Diary.

THOSE who know South Africa best take the coolest view of the De Wet-Beyers "rebellion." Beyers is probably beaten; he was a fairly competent commander-in-chief, but as a soldier in the field, he does not rank with the great trio—Botha, De Wet, Delarey. His treachery is mean enough, for up to the last he kept up the friendliest personal communications with the heads of the Union Government. The De Wet problem is a little tougher, but not really difficult. His successes in the

war depended on his command of dynamite and guns. Now, he has neither, and the Government controls the railways. Even in his own district he has to face a powerful settlement of British farmers. He has no political aptitude; and the numbers of his following are put only a little higher than those of Beyers. The real danger would have been Delarey, who had lately been led astray by some weird prophecies as to a great war and what the Dutch race might secure from it. But Botha's influence outweighs every other personal factor. He has the great majority of the Dutch people, the Reformed Church, and the undivided British element. The situation is in his hands.

ARE there not signs of a slight but definite change in the attitude of the German people towards the war? I think so. At least opinion is being formed, and opinion could hardly be said to exist before. Herr Bernstein, for example, is already arguing against the annexation of Belgium, just as the "Vorwaerts" has steadily discountenanced the theory of wholesale atrocities by the Belgians on which the defence of the devastation of that country was set up. That is a specially Socialist criticism. But one also notes a more general strain of uneasiness as to the progress of the war. Up to the reverse on the Vistula the German bulletins recorded no defeats. They described successes fairly enough; the reverses were simply omitted. Now the country is learning where the armies are, and why they are not where they were expected to be. Economic exhaustion is evident in some trades; and the loss of the great, pushing, lucrative export business begins to be realized for what it is. France, of course, is suffering too. But wealth in France is more diffused, more in the hands of a multitude of small people, than in Germany. And the losses! The calculation now is that about one million of men have been eliminated from the German armies by death, disease, wounds, and imprisonment. The prospects for an army wintering in Belgium are dreadful, so far as the health of the troops is concerned, and yet this looks like the best immediate issue for this year's soldiering which Germany can expect. And the western army is unquestionably dispirited.

ONE begins to reflect with a shuddering thought of what the sensational press has meant to the country during the last fortnight, and what kind of moral and intellectual damages the nation will have to claim from it at the end of the war. The Government, one hopes, has recoiled in time from the insensate policy of rounding up our whole "hostile alien" population (masses of it of course not hostile at all). The authorities, I imagine, found that after ordering these people into concentration camps, without regard to character and station, there was no room and no chance of decent accommodation for a tenth part of them. Whether this press campaign, sustained as it was by savage thoughtlessness for the woes of innocent women and children (hundreds of them English or part-English by birth) was suggested or spontaneous one does not like to think. But I believe that nine people out of ten now regard it as a blunder. As to its consequences, we shall, one hopes, revert to the only sensible policy, that

of discrimination. We may possibly in the course of it let a dangerous person out of the net, but we shall not disgrace ourselves by adding to the heap of avoidable suffering which the war has brought about.

THE German general, with all his mechanical talent, does seem to be the most obvious miscalculator in this present world of universal miscalculation. Polish informants tell me what the Germans did in Belgium to outrage the feelings of the people they did in Russian Poland, with some trifling variants of clumsiness. The general raidings and lootings went on all through the countryside. At Kalisch, where, there being a large trade over the German frontier and a considerable Jewish population, it was obviously German policy to behave well, the Germans seized the notables of the town, made them stand with arms up in the central square, and reminded them, with occasional prods from their rifles, of the unspeakable superiority of German culture. The result of the terrorism, I was told, was that out of a population of some 50,000, 45,000 left the town in panic. Much the same plan of mere irritation went on at Radom. Now a retreat is going on through an exasperated, but not an intimidated, people. Yet, with a little tact, Russian Poland might have been kept in a mood of at least something like toleration for the invader.

It is always interesting to examine the psychology of the Kaiser, if only because he is one of the few monarchs who ever suggested a psychological problem of any intricacy. I have just read a very bad attempt at "placing" him which proceeds on the simple hypothesis that he made the war in order to counter the growing popularity of the Crown Prince with the military party. I doubt whether this was the case. Closer observers saw, both in the Kaiser and his entourage, a growing deterioration during the last few years of his reign. It was a misfortune that he lost in Kiderlen-Waechter a man who could stand up to him, and could also negotiate and hold to policies. In his stead he got a weak Chancellor and a staff of flatterers. It is doubtful whether his romantic, unstable temperament definitely let go its earlier ideal of a peace policy. Certainly, he no longer surrounded himself with men who gave it the least inclination that way. Probably he did not himself start the Berlin machine on the reckless course which it pursued in the last days of July. But the later impression of his character is that he was no longer the man to check it in time.

LORD GLADSTONE'S Committee has, I believe, already provided homes for about 40,000 Belgian refugees.

A FRIEND gives me a quite characteristic instance of the prevailing spy-mania. Calling for his evening paper in the village near his home, he found spying the staple (indeed the exclusive) subject of talk. "Yes," said the newsagent, with a grave face, "there are spies in Loamsted." Usually such statements pass as passages of Holy Writ. But my friend, who is a sceptic, asked why. "Why?" was the surprised retort. "My newspapers have gone wrong two nights running."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THOUGHTS ON THE EAST.

WHETHER or not a little knowledge is a dangerous thing depends upon the sort of knowledge, and that, again, chiefly depends upon the knower. The life of Europeans in Asia is a test case. Thousands of educated Englishmen have spent a large part of their life in India, as Civil Servants, soldiers, missionaries, traders, travellers; hundreds have lived for many years in China and Japan. But how much have they been able to learn or to communicate about the things that matter most regarding the relation of these countries to the Western world, the spiritual make-up and tendencies of these Eastern peoples and their civilizations? Talk to retired Anglo-Indian officials or to Anglo-Chinese traders about the nature of the people they have been ruling or doing business with, you can get little from them but blurred images, unassorted facts, and the conventional opinions of their class. How should it be otherwise? The conditions of their life in these countries have disqualified them from gaining the knowledge we are concerned with. The focus of the administrator, the trader, the soldier, sportsman, religious propagandist, is inhibitive of a clear impartial understanding. They are of necessity immersed in some single set of practical affairs, in which native thought, feelings, and habits present themselves as material for empirical manipulation more than for disinterested study. Moreover, the condition and the sense of masterhood not merely impair the free intercourse and sympathy essential to such study, but damage the instrument itself.

It is not too much to say that the swift aperçus, the clear-cut reflections, of a leisurely visitor of the mental calibre of Mr. Lowes Dickinson are more valuable contributions to a real understanding of the East than the dulled experiences of hundreds of such lives. In "An Essay on the Civilizations of India, China, and Japan" (Dent), being in purpose a "report" upon his travels in 1912 and 1913, Mr. Dickinson has the courage to offer some general opinions and judgments which will for many readers illuminate these lands of mystery. He who would bring back the treasures of the Ind must carry with him the treasures of the Ind. Mr. Dickinson carried with him on his travels a mind well stored with digested history; and at once selective, sensitive, and actively sympathetic, he set himself pertinaciously to pierce surfaces in search of those characteristics which we call the "soul" of a people, and which give what coherence, or intelligibility, or harmony, we find in their civilization. To do this at all successfully requires a sort of "genius" akin to intuition, but it must be an intuition fortified by knowledge and trained discrimination. It will, we think, be recognized that Mr. Dickinson's "Essay" is an achievement of this order. Its charm, and, we think, its real virtue, is the clear and exactly-worded valuations and distinctions it contains. Mr. Dickinson brushes aside the general contrast between East and West, for the life and civilization of India, China, and Japan stand more remote from one another than either of the two latter countries stand from large sections of the Europe of to-day or yesterday. His chapter on India is so packed with close-linked thought that it is difficult by short citation to give any idea of its import. The most vital distinction he finds between India and any Western country is the difference of religion, not of deity or creed, but of the whole substance of religion and the place it occupies. In the West, religion is an institution of alien

origin, adapted to the mundane requirements of a people essentially concerned with the life of the individual and the process of living in time; even when rationalized and spiritualized it takes the needs of humanity as its core, and activity in the promotion of human ends as its practical duty. With Indians it is wholly otherwise.

"No modern Western man would regard as an admirable type at all—still less as the highest type—a man who withdraws from the world to meditate and come into direct contact with the Universal. But an Indian who is uncontaminated by Western culture, still regards that as the true ideal of conduct; and views all activities in the world as lower and inferior, though for undeveloped men, they are necessary and pardonable."

The other unbridgeable divergence between Indian and Western civilization is furnished by caste, which, as a deep-set social institution in India, negates the assumption of the desirability of equality of opportunity which is the leading note of social evolution in the West. That such a country as India should fall under the power of England Mr. Dickinson regards as:—

"one of the ironies of history: for of all the Western nations the English are the least capable of appreciating the qualities of Indian civilization and the most capable of appreciating its defects. To an Englishman, practical efficiency, honesty, and truth are the chief and indispensable goods. To an Indian, as, in a less degree, to other Orientals, all these things are indifferent. On the other hand, an Englishman has no conception even of the meaning of a philosophic or religious problem. The notion, that the material world could be a mere illusion, is one that could never appeal to him as even intelligible (Berkeley, it must be remembered, was an Irishman, and Hume a Scotsman). His religion, when he has one, is a transfigured morality, not a mysticism."

With China it is very different. Here is a thoroughly practical people, with a secular attitude towards life, a realistic art, and an essentially democratic social structure. Moreover, China has remained through the ages politically united, unlike India, though the common political consciousness has remained feeble as compared with that evoked by the small local unities of village and family. The capacity for transformation which China, and, at an earlier stage, Japan, have exhibited, belongs, of course, to the commonplaces of modern miracles. But here Mr. Dickinson is cautious in his judgment. He observes the extraordinary speciality in this process of assimilation, how that the Chinese educated in America have acquired not merely the manners but the whole mentality of the American, "the confidence, the lightheartedness, the easy and disconcerting superficiality." Those educated in England, on the other hand, he found "comparatively critical, sober, and cautious." How far this acquired character is superficial and rests upon "an unchanged basis of Chinese character," he does not pretend to judge; but, while remarking upon the immense activity which this acquired character is exercising in the new China, he ends with a note of caution as to its early fruitfulness. "I suspect, at any rate, that in Young China there is some dislocation between their convictions and their character, which makes them ineffective for action towards ends in which they genuinely believe." The rapid supersession of the improvised Parliamentaryism by a dictatorship seems to confirm this suspicion, so far as politics are concerned.

But it is in Japan that Mr. Dickinson finds the most unsatisfactory results of hasty experiments in grafting Western ideas on to the East. The Japanese were never an originaive people, they have the passionate and aesthetic character which belonged peculiarly to Greece, but are destitute of the critical and constructive intellect which gave spiritual mastery to that Western land. Japan's haste to occidentalize herself has brought a train of grave problems, militarism, a peculiarly degraded form

of industrialism, a corrupt bureaucracy, oppressive taxation, and other troubles. Japan, however, will have one great advantage over other Eastern countries. She will be left to work out her own salvation. "The past and the present, Oriental tradition and Western culture, are at grips in Japan more intensely than in any other country, but in Japan alone the issue of the conflict will be determined by the people themselves, not by the pressure of Great Powers."

Mr. Dickinson, following Matthew Arnold and other of our monitors, holds Western civilization to be too much given to activity, too little to contemplation. But he does not think that we can restore the balance by importing ideas and attitudes from the East. For such a restoration he rather looks to "a reaction prompted by its own sense of its excesses on the side of activity." The Eastern countries, on the other hand, he sees drifting or plunging into these very excesses of Western materialism as an unavoidable process in the movement towards recovering "a new and genuine spiritual life."

THE WAR AND THE FOX.

THE dogs of war will be busy this winter, and the dogs of joy idle. It is already known that many packs of fox-hounds will not hunt; the men who would follow them have gone to fight the Germans; the M.F.H. has placed his stables at the disposal of the Government. It might be thought that the foxes would have an exceedingly good time. No breaking-up of the family for the blood-ing of the young hounds at cub-hunting, no rousing of some far-travelled rascal that has fed not wisely but too well at a hen-roost, no treacherous stopping of the earth to which he runs, no viewing and hallooing by crowds of sightseers to undo the tricks with which he seeks to baffle the hounds. He should sleep at ease in the coverts of those who protect him for future hunting, and take free toll upon the poultry of those who have forever regarded him as a licensed brigand.

It is not to be so, however. The poultry that dwindled uncounted in the stack-yard have become a national asset that it is the farmer's patriotic duty to conserve. There will be no Hunt Poultry Fund to pay for Reynard's depredations even the fallacious price of dead meat, and no occasional gallop with the hounds to compensate the farmer for the losses that his wife bears. The stopped flow of millions of eggs from all parts of the Continent, even to Serbia and Siberia, raises the meanest barn-door chick to an importance above that of the fox, and gives a more intense significance to the name of vermin which the latter technically bears. If two hundred packs of fox-hounds would have killed this winter only twenty foxes a-piece (a very low estimate), their inactivity would loose upon us 8,000 vermin to eat and destroy the food of the people, and breed other destroyers. A similar number of prisoners of war would scarcely place a greater burden on our restricted resources. Those foxes will have to be destroyed in some other way. Even if the old way were available, we could not afford this winter to have our crops trampled down by horsemen, our flocks aborted by the rush of the pack, our hedges and fences broken when men are so scarce to set them up again.

The war will not be all bad if it teaches us some economies that we can continue to practise after its special incentive has passed away. It is making us all, from the Development Commissioners downward, look with a new eye on waste corners, and with a new impatience that they should bear their legitimate crop of

clover, cereals, or timber. It is getting us into new ways of thrift that will perhaps remain habits after the special incentive has passed, if indeed it does pass within the term of the present generation. We were slowly coming towards those economies, and the shock has jerked us into them, as a flash of lightning brings down the rain from a saturated atmosphere. It may frighten us back for a long time from new plutocratic luxuries, and drag up the roots for ever that we had in aristocratic extravagances typified by fox-hunting.

There was no wisp of war-cloud in sight when, not many weeks ago, the writer went for a chance walk, and found the way strewn with signs of the doom of fox-hunting. A lady tending her fowls had just seen one of them, not the first of the week, disappear in the jaws of a fox. She was without the eloquence of a Burke or a Bright to describe the injustice that she clearly felt, but her simple sentence would give rather more than the theme for anyone practising denunciatory rhetoric. "I do think it a shame," she said, "that some folk well able to buy everything they fancy should get their pleasure by breeding foxes that those who try to make their daily bread by keeping fowls have got to pay for." She was a farmer's widow, who has had as good a run of the Hunt Poultry Fund as anyone can have, and she knows that there is no real proportion between the loss inflicted by foxes and the compensation their preservers pay for it.

There was no attempt at rhetoric on the part of the next poultry-keeper met with. He was a young man returned from America, who had been engaged during the summer in rearing a stock of the very best laying poultry that selective science has produced. Some two hundred birds just nearing the laying age occupied one-half of his holding. The other half was derelict for the simple reason that he had not capital enough to fence it from the foxes. The chicks would have done twice as well if they had had twice the land to run over. Although the wire netting was seven feet high, the foxes had taken their toll. When quite young, the chicks had got through the meshes and a fox, lying in wait close to the enclosure, had taken nearly a score of them before he was discovered. Since they were half-grown, he had jumped the fence one night and killed several more. It was no sentimental calculation, but an actual inquiry in the market that produced the fact that these birds could not be replaced for less than seven-and-sixpence apiece. That was before the war. The value of pullets of that strain beginning to lay this October would be easily double that figure now.

If it is true that everyone so loves the Hunt that nobody shoots foxes, what must the young man do to keep his egg-layers safe? He must stretch a lower wire all round at a little distance outside his enclosure to prevent the fox taking a running jump at it. He must also dig a trench some three feet deep and bury wire netting in it so that nothing can dig under the fence. When that has been done, he may thank his stars for a time that he has not to undersell Servian eggs, and if he gets twopence or even threepence apiece for his produce he will scarcely come under the condemnation of the Board of Trade, as he might if there were no foxes. He may have to buy dogs and chain them on running rings so that each may guard a side of his poultry quadrangle, or paint the fence with phosphorus, or light fires by night, or take other precautions kindly suggested not long ago by someone who wrote a book on how to keep pheasants without destroying foxes.

We were not surprised to hear that this young man returned from America would shoot a fox if he got the chance. The difficulty is that he has not the time to sit

up and wait for him and our rather heavy gun-licence is somewhat of a deterrent. We were astonished to hear from him, however, that nearly everybody who keeps poultry does shoot foxes. Yet the writer himself knows one gentleman who stands very well with the Hunt and speaks with great scorn of a suspected vulpicide, but who was given away sadly by a little daughter who prattled about a hen of Daddy's that the fox had killed. "And Daddy put poison in the hen and left it there, and the fox came and took away the hen and died." Most of the killing has been of this secret nature. The farmer who finds a litter of cubs on his farm publicly rejoices. He tells the Hunt about it, and is "as pleased as Punch." But later, the vixen is said to have removed her cubs. Nobody knows that the farmer first removed one or two of them to a place where no earthly pack can hunt them. The poultry-keeper assured us that for every fox hunted, ten were shot. If it were not so, we should not be merely harried by foxes, but over-run by them. They would hunt in packs and take not only chicken but lambs and sheep. It may be so. At any rate, there are people who fear that, and others who find the plague as it is heavier than they can bear. The gun is certain to do the work of the Hunt during the coming winter, and it may be that when the Hunt thinks to return it will find itself at length out of joint with the times.

Contemporaries.

COMTE ALBERT DE MUN.

My acquaintance with M. de Mun began in the spring of 1890, with a letter of introduction from Cardinal Manning. He had for the Cardinal an admiring affection—equal to that which he cherished for Leo XIII.—founded upon their perfect sympathy on the questions of Ultramontanism and Christian Socialism. Consequently, the friend of Manning, though a Protestant, was admitted at once and unreservedly into the fascinating friendship of Albert de Mun. He was then in the full force of his attractive manhood, having been born in 1841, as recorded in that chronicle of well-bred piety, Mrs. Craven's "Récit d'une Sœur," his mother being the pathetic Eugénie de la Ferronnays, who died too soon for her son to remember her. He was thus brought up in a Legitimist and Catholic atmosphere, his childhood being passed in circles which treated the Orleans dynasty as revolutionary usurpers, and he grew up under the Second Empire, which was regarded as even worse by his friends, who never anticipated the Third Republic. His manners had that high-bred charm which distinguished the Faubourg-St.-Germain in the days before it was merely a geographical expression. With all that, he had a profound fellow-feeling for the democracy which his persuasive eloquence made reciprocal. As he once said in a speech to his constituents: "Messieurs, je ne suis pas un enfant du peuple: mais j'ai vécu tout entier au service d'une idée, le salut de la classe ouvrière." This was one of his points of sympathy with Manning. Their common devise was, "Misereor super turbam."

The pious layman, Catholic or Protestant, is usually more edifying as a friend than entertaining. But Albert de Mun had nothing of the pietist in his social qualities. To one who was many years his junior, he appeared to be the *beau idéal* of a gallant French gentleman, the most charming companion in the world, brilliant in conversation, gifted with a gay sense of humor, a hero of the Franco-German War with the air of a Crusader, Captain of Cuirassiers and unrivalled Parliamentary orator, Royalist and Christian Socialist. His kindness to a stranger in France who had come to study the land was unbounded. In those days, like many cadets of noble family, he was not wealthy, and he dwelt in a lofty little apartment in the rue François Ier, where,

with his beautiful young wife, he dispensed a gracious hospitality. To him I owe some of the happiest friendships of my long residence in France, from Taine and his charming family to the survivors of the Montalembert circle, including the widow of the Liberal Catholic leader, who was sometimes called "la dernière grande dame de France."

During my second year in France, he heard it was my intention to study Brittany, where his constituency was. The itinerary he made for me lies before me in his beautiful handwriting. The places of interest indicated were most of them off the tourist track; here a "pardon" of only local fame; here a little industrial centre not mentioned in guide-books; in one town the curé-doyen was an authority on social questions; near another a land-owner expected me at his château to study rural life. The "pardon" of Sainte Anne-d'Auray, then invaded by few spectators not wearing the costume of la Basse-Bretagne, was that year celebrated with unusual splendor for the jubilee of Mgr. Bécél, Bishop of Vannes, who had owed his mitre to the Empress Eugénie. There at the famous pilgrimage M. de Mun met me, and we started to drive through his constituency, the Pontivy district of the Morbihan. At one hospitable château where we stayed there were three little boys, and the name of one of them I read last month in the "Officiel," "tué à l'ennemi" at the Battle of the Marne.

We went to Le Faouet, a busy centre in the Black Mountains, then remote from railways, and unspoiled. The Deputy apologized for taking me to the worse of the two inns, as the better was Republican, and he had to patronize "l'hôtel bien-pensant." At a village school feast he spoke, with the eloquence with which he moved the Chamber, to the children on the legend of "Le Fol," who gave his name to Le Folguet, not far away, because the only words he could pronounce were an invocation to Our Lady. M. de Mun's fine diction was somewhat thrown away on a Breton-speaking audience. One night we dined with the rector of Le Faouet, who, though a *Breton-bretonnant*, was a cultivated Frenchman. He asked me who was Henry Labouchère—the French name of an English politician in the newspapers having puzzled him. I explained that he was of French ancestry, and in character was "un peu farceur, un peu blagueur." "Enfin, c'est un Français!" rejoined M. le Recteur, whose Celtic disdain for the Latin race highly entertained M. de Mun, who was the incarnation of old Latin civilization. It was, indeed, his inability to speak Breton that lost him his seat in 1893, when he was beaten, by a few votes, by a typical peasant-lawyer, who harangued the villagers in their native Armorican. The irony of it was that under M. Combes it was the anti-Clericals who tried to stop the use of Breton in the churches, and the party of M. de Mun which protested. He was out of Parliament for only four months, when Finistère gave him another Breton seat which he held by huge majorities till his death.

It was as a young deputy for Pontivy that he came to fame as the finest orator in the Chamber, rivalled by Gambetta alone; and it was Gambetta, in the far off days when Parliament sat at Versailles, who thus welcomed his first speech: "je ne demande pas mieux que de saluer l'entrée dans une Assemblée française d'un homme qui jouerait dans cette Assemblée le rôle que Montalembert a rempli dans des Assemblées plus monarchiques." I have before me the series of five volumes of his speeches on political and social questions inscribed with his "hommage affectueux." The latter contain a lucid and eloquent statement of the case for Christian Socialism. It must be remembered that Albert de Mun as an ardent Royalist and adversary of the Revolutionary doctrine was more consistent in advocating Socialism than were the Republican champions of the Revolution. For it is a fact, which English people can never realize and which French people are apt to ignore, that the French Revolution was essentially an individualistic movement opposed to all social combination. This M. de Mun often pointed out to the Chamber, holding up to criticism again and again the famous law of 1791, by which the Constituent Assembly forbade persons of the same profession to form associations or even to hold meetings.

It cannot be said that his eloquence convinced many persons of his own conservative class, politicians or otherwise, as all Frenchmen are born individualists, and those who inherit or acquire property, whether Catholics or Free Thinkers, are not disposed to repudiate their native doctrine.

Another breach between M. de Mun and his political friends was caused by his prompt obedience to the Pope's Encyclical of 1892, which enjoined French Catholics to accept the Republic as the firmly established form of government. To him it was welcome as part of the new democratic policy of Leo XIII., supported by Manning and certain American bishops. But it plunged into mourning many a Royalist château, where devout ladies made prayers for the conversion of the Pope, and regarded the Comte de Mun as an apostate.

Many people have asked me why an orator—of whom I wrote in "France" that "since the death of Gambetta not a single Republican office-holder has made a Parliamentary reputation greater than that of M. de Mun"—did not enhance that reputation in the twentieth century, when little else than religious and social questions were debated in the Chamber. Neither his differences with his own party nor the exclusion of Catholics from office under the Third Republic, account for this. The reason is sad and simple enough. Even before my book was published, M. de Mun had suffered from an illness causing a slight facial paralysis, which never permanently disappeared. Neither his charm of manner nor the beauty of his voice in conversation was impaired. But as years went on, it became evident that the young generation would never hear from the tribune of the Palais Bourbon those superb bursts of eloquence which, uttered in musical tones and with noble gesture, old men said had not been surpassed by Berryer or Jules Favre. That was why the voice which had responded so eloquently to the whips of Jules Ferry was silent or semi-silent under the scorpions of M. Combes. For friends and adversaries agreed that no finer occasion for the oratory and dialectic of Albert de Mun was ever given in the French Parliament than during the debates on the expulsion of the Religious Associations and on the rupture of the Concordat.

In 1907 he was elected to the French Academy, in succession to Jules Simon. His *esprit français* made him regret that he had not a predecessor to eulogize whose opinions were not in more direct contradiction to his own, Jules Simon having been the most moderate of Republicans on the clerical question. However, he was elected in preference to Ferdinand Fabre, the accomplished author of "L'Abbé Tigrane," who was accounted an anti-clerical writer. He told me himself how he regretted that his life-long friend, M. d'Haussonville, whose opinions were not far removed from his, was appointed to "receive" him. What he would have enjoyed would have been the gentle criticism of his work by Anatole France, or, failing him, of Henri Meilhac or Alexandre Dumas. He had himself an opportunity for academic irony when he received M. Henri de Régner on January 18th, 1912, as the successor of the austere Melchior de Vogüé. The license of M. Régner's work is innocent of austerity, and M. de Mun told the new Immortal that it was only in his capacity of an old captain of cuirassiers that he had been able to read to the end some of his books.

This "discours de réception" was M. de Mun's last important speech. His faculties remained unimpaired to the end. The war filled him with great hope for the reparation of the wrong done to France in 1870, when helpless, he had witnessed the treason of Metz, and had suffered for months in a German prison. To the eve of his death he was writing inspiring articles in a Parisian journal. The end came at Bordeaux, whither he had followed the Government, and his solemn obsequies in the metropolitan church of Aquitaine were attended by the President of the Republic, which in its early days he had tried to overthrow, and by the Radical-Socialist Prime Minister, M. Viviani, whose eloquence has been used to glorify ideals which are the opposite of those defended by Albert de Mun—*bono milite Christi*.

J. E. C. BODLEY.

Present-Day Problems.

DOLES AND DEGRADATION.

A CERTAIN French General is reported to have said that one of the horrors of war was the ladies of the Red Cross. Englishmen whose concern it is to deal with civilian sufferers, will soon be able to point to another horror in the Local Committees for the Prevention and Relief of Distress. For these unfortunate pieces of machinery, started with such high hopes, are already beginning to realize the worst that could have been expected of them.

There was, of course, some trouble at the outset over the composition of the Committees; it was not easy to appoint, in proportions satisfactory to everyone, Aldermen and Councillors, Guardians, employers, Trade Unionists, women, parsons, and representatives of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association and "other philanthropic agencies." But this was only a molehill to the mountains that were to come when the Committees got to work. They were told that their duty was "to survey the existing conditions of employment in the locality, and to consider means of preventing, and, if necessary, relieving distress." Their consideration of the means of preventing distress was soon done, and the next business was to prepare themselves for the function of relief. Then came the difficulty of the Prince of Wales's Fund. Nobody knew quite what it was for, or how to get a grant from it. The Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association alone appeared to be able to draw on it, a fact which caused a great deal of bitterness on the Relief Committees, as well as among the general public, since it was felt that the State had no right to avoid paying its army and navy by relegating their women and children to a fund which was meant for another set of people altogether. Eventually, however, this scandal ceased, and the Relief Committees were allowed grants with which to meet civil distress. Then the real difficulty at once began to appear. That difficulty was, and is, that the Local Relief Committee (even under its nicer name of Local Representative Committee) is principally a body for distributing doles, and a body, moreover, which is peculiarly unsuitable for the task. It is, for the most part, a collection of amateurs, with little or no cohesion, with no clear ideas as to what ought to be done or how to do it—or sometimes with so many and such conflicting ideas that its meetings are turned into academic debates or prolonged altercations. It is true that, as an alternative to dole-giving, it may refer some cases to the Distress Committee or to the Women's Workrooms opened by the Central Committee on Women's Employment. But this, on the whole, has made confusion more confounded. Controversies on the size of the doles or the character of the applicants have been extended to the functions and methods of the Women's Workrooms. Friction has arisen, in London at any rate, between the Relief Committee, which does not see why it should not have some share in the control of the Workrooms, and the Central Committee, whose regulations are as the laws of the Medes and Persians. And it has arisen between the Central Committee and the Distress Committees, who resent these new competitors with the Central Unemployed Body's Workrooms, and the consequent overlapping and duplication, as well as the different scales of payment and the different restrictions on the classes of women who may be given employment.

Let us, however, put this aside and come back to what is bound to be, wherever and whenever there is any serious amount of distress, the main function of the Local Relief Committee—the giving of doles. The Local Relief Committee is really very like an incompetent Board of Guardians. And it has certain fundamental defects remarkably like those of the Poor Law. Especially one may notice its inquisitorialness and its absence of uniformity. Of course, the official instruction was that information was to be obtained in a way that would not appear "unduly inquisitorial" to applicants. But is it possible to pry into a person's home, to ask his rent, the earnings of himself and his wife and children, the name

and address of his employers, what aid he is getting from charitable funds, what premiums he pays for life insurance, and various other questions, without appearing inquisitorial? The investigators are of all sorts, from the "trained" expert of the C.O.S. to the aristocratic busybody who only knows the poor as servants. Most of them, no doubt, do their unpleasant work as delicately as possible; but some behave outrageously, insulting the applicants, offering them impertinent advice, and writing offensive comments on the case-papers. Sometimes even the visits to the home are not enough, and the wretched applicants are required to attend before the Relief Committee to be examined and cross-questioned.

As for the absence of uniformity, the muddle and injustice in which this results is almost incredible. No scale of relief has been laid down by the Cabinet Committee to guide the localities, and the consequence is that practically no two districts are alike. In Bethnal Green the scale fixed is 4s. per week for an adult and 1s. for a child; this is supposed to cover food only, no regard is paid to rent. In a neighboring Borough an allowance is given for rent. In Willesden and Fulham 12s. 6d. is given for one adult, 15s. for two, and an extra sum varying from 3s. to 4s. for each child, according to its age. In Southwark the adult's dole is only 3s. a week. And in the provinces, it seems, there are the same variations. Sometimes there is not even uniformity in the different wards of the same Borough. One Ward Committee will be "strict," and another "generous"; one will try to keep applicants off "the parish," another will be always on the look-out for "Poor Law cases." One will argue that casual laborers, charwomen, and so on, cannot be said to have lost their employment through the war, and therefore are not within the terms of reference of the Relief Committee; another will relieve them on the ground that, though they cannot show they have been turned out of a regular job, they would probably have found work but for the contraction due to the war. A still more dangerous complication results from the practice of giving a small sub-committee, or the chairman, the power of granting "emergency relief," and thus introducing an element of arbitrariness and often of personal influence.

But this is not all. The Government has asked that the doles should be given "not in money, but by way of food tickets on local shops or stores." This system of relief in kind is a bad and an absurd system. It is degrading to a decent man or woman, and it does not even achieve its purpose. That purpose, of course, is to ensure that the Prince of Wales's Fund shall not be expended in the "four-ale bar." But, apart from the question whether it is right to make the innocent, the vast majority, suffer for the guilty, these miserable food-coupons in fact can be, and are, sold. Or the holders can buy threepennyworth of meat, pay for it with a shilling meat ticket, and take the change in cash. Fortunately, some local Committees have been wiser than Whitehall, and have refused to have anything to do with doles in kind. But many of them have followed the Government's advice, and are now beginning to see not only how the food-coupon can be abused, but to what practical absurdities it may lead. My own Committee, for instance, was forced to admit money relief, on finding that various recipients of its tickets were sitting in the dark with parcels of dry tea and uncooked meat, because they had not a penny for coal or gas!

Such, then, is our relief machinery. Fortunately, a great number of the best people are saved from the degradation of applying for the doles by Trade Unionism. At present, distress has not become very acute, except in certain districts and certain trades. When it does, the strain on the Unions will be very severe, and the help promised from the State under s. 106 of the Insurance Act is likely to prove quite inadequate. But there are also many decent people outside the Unions, particularly women workers of various kinds, who are severely hit. Some of these are suffering in silence rather than apply to the Relief Committees; those who are applying are getting a lesson in what "charity" means. The problem of saving the working class from the Relief Committees has got to be faced. It ought to be faced by the

Trade Unions, by the Labor Party, and by every organization and individual to whom democracy is more than an idle word. And it ought to be faced at once.

C. M. LLOYD.

Letters to the Editor.

THE MANIFESTO OF THE GERMAN PROFESSORS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—A very effective reply to the manifesto of the German professors and men of science on the war was recently issued over the signature of many distinguished British names. When I read it, it occurred to me that it would be interesting to state the British case as it appears to those who, though anti-militarists of long standing, believe that the cause of civilization in Europe stands or falls with the victory of our country. I thought, too, as these manifestoes are mainly for consumption abroad, that there might be anti-militarists in other countries, particularly in the United States and South Africa, who would be interested in hearing the case stated by their friends in Great Britain. So I drafted the enclosed reply as an expression, at any rate, of my own feeling. If some of your readers who are of a similar way of thinking care to sign it, and would send you an authority to affix their names, it might be worth while to send it to some of the newspapers in neutral countries.—Yours, &c.,

L. T. HOBHOUSE.

7, Broadlands Road, Highgate, N.

October 27th, 1914.

Having worked, publicly or privately, for some years past on behalf of a good understanding between the British and German peoples, we observe, with regret, the declaration of a number of distinguished German professors and men of science who seek to throw the whole blame of the war upon our country. They appear to be imperfectly informed of the actual course of the negotiations which led up to the war, the main facts of which are not in dispute. If they will study the relevant official documents—German, English, or other—they will find that Great Britain made repeated proposals in the interest of peace; that these were accepted by the other Powers, but declined by Germany. Finally, Germany declared war upon Russia, and intimated her intention of attacking France through Belgium and Luxemburg, both of them States whose neutrality she had, in conjunction with Great Britain and other Powers, guaranteed.

The breach of this guarantee is declared by these distinguished professors to be a "hollow pretext" for war. Can they think it of small account that a people living like the Belgians, in perfect peace with their neighbors, should on a few days' notice find their country invaded, their villages and towns burnt to the ground, and the leading men, in some cases, taken as hostages and shot in reprisal for individual attacks upon the invader which they were powerless to control? Such a view cannot be taken by any neutral nation which must realize that the existence of a Power so fully equipped as Germany for sudden and successful aggression and so unhesitating in her disregard of any restraining pledge, constitutes a standing menace to peaceful neighbors against which those neighbors will, if they are wise and spirited, combine to protect themselves.

The professors appear to think that there is a considerable party in the English universities that is opposed to the war. It is true that there were many, including ourselves, who contemplated its approach with horror, not only for the immediate suffering which it would entail, but for the permanent damage which it threatens to the civilization of Europe. But if they suppose these feelings to constitute a basis for any opposition to the most strenuous prosecution of the war, they do not allow for the effect produced by the attack on Belgium and the behavior of their troops in that country and in France. These events have compelled those who have always stood most strongly for peace to recognize—in many instances, very unwillingly—that the insuperable obstacle to peace is German militarism; and the professors'

own address shows that it is worse than useless to hope for any effective opposition to militarism within Germany itself. They have driven those most attached to the cause of international peace and Liberal ideas to the conclusion that throughout Western Europe their cause is gravely imperilled, and can be rescued only by pressing this war to a successful end.

Finally, the danger to German culture to which the professors advert is one to which many of us were, before the war, very sensitive. Unhappily, the conduct of the Germans in Belgium has compelled us to recognize an equally grave and more pressing danger to the culture of Belgium and France. We do not speak of individual acts of gross atrocity with which these troops are freely charged, for such charges are easily exaggerated, and cannot as yet be coolly examined. We have in mind the official defence of the German authorities who, in reply to the gravest accusations, alleged the necessity of securing their position by the "frightfulness" of examples. We have in mind orders officially issued by commanding officers, the official execution of hostages, the repudiation of The Hague Convention which forbids collective punishments, the burning of Louvain, Dinant, and other towns.

These incidents have removed any anxiety in our minds lest the culture of Germany should suffer worse evils than it has inflicted. Some of us did not hesitate to maintain opposition to the policy of our own Government through the course of a long war from fifteen to twelve years ago. We should not fear or scruple to do the same again if we believed our Government to be wrong now. Against our will, Germany's own acts have forced us to an opposite conclusion, and the same regard for freedom and for justice between nations which has in the past animated us in the struggle for peace now ranges us with the whole body of our countrymen in support of the present war.

THE PRESSURE ON HOLLAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Every day we read in the papers of numbers of refugees landing in England, and the sight of numbers of Belgians in London, and especially in Folkestone, has led people to suppose that England is flooded with them. Consequently, when we tell people of the extreme congestion in Holland, and urge that ships be sent to bring away refugees on a really large scale, people reply: "But we already have so many here." Miss Chrystal Macmillan, of the International Women's Relief Committee, applied to the authorities to tell her the true facts of the case. They are as follows:

The Local Government Board report that 35,000 Belgian refugees have passed through the Government hostels and been registered, 15,000 were at Folkestone, 5,000 at Southampton, 5,000 at Hull. The War Refugees Committee, who have undertaken the work of registration, confirmed these figures, and stated that, in addition, about 5,000 well-to-do Belgians had registered their names. They estimated that another 5,000 well-to-do Belgians were probably in this country, but not registered. The total number which the officials believed to be in the United Kingdom in the third week in October is therefore 70,000. The population of the United Kingdom is about 45 millions, and the area 121,000 square miles.

Contrast these figures with those for Holland. The normal population of Holland is 6 millions, and the area 12,000 square miles. The number of refugees in the three provinces of South Holland was estimated by the Distress Committees of those provinces to be 1½ millions, and in the province of Zeeland, with a normal population of 300,000, there were 500,000 refugees a week after the fall of Antwerp. This number has since increased. The Dutch Government, at the end of last week, reluctantly gave instructions to clear the north and east of the country. On Sunday, October 18th, 5,000 were returned in barges from Rotterdam. Arrived in Flushing, they refused to go further, and now remain there. In addition, there is a constant stream of refugees still pouring in through Sluys from those parts of Belgium where fighting is going on.

The danger to Holland arising from the presence of

these enormous numbers is very great. It has been possible to house them in sheds, barns, schools, and churches, but the sanitary problem is acute. Water has been laid on in emergency pipes laid above the ground; but, of course, there is no drainage. The people of South Holland themselves, as well as the Belgian fugitives, are running the greatest risk of epidemics. If we wait to help them, illness will inevitably break out—enteric, typhoid, and so on—and the kind and self-sacrificing hosts will suffer with their forlorn guests. This is so terribly unfair that, even if we too were neutral, we could not stand by and see the Dutch and Belgians suffer thus. Much more does it become our duty to intervene when we remember that we are Belgium's allies, and have promised to care for her refugees.

Every day the International Women's Relief Committee sends bread to Flushing. There is a great need of bread, and all the inhabitants of South Holland have to eat "oorlogsbread" (war bread). This in a country which is not at war. This bread, which is made principally of bran and potatoes, causes diarrhoea, and the children of Holland are suffering from eating this bread. No one may be supplied with white bread unless he produces a doctor's certificate showing that he is suffering from eating "oorlogsbread."

We in England have our food supplies guaranteed by our Navy, and are not suffering as the Dutch are suffering. Every class of the community there is hit, and business in South Holland is at a complete standstill. The dislocation of traffic is serious.—Yours, &c.,

ELLEN WALSH.

October 27th, 1914.

THE FUTURE OF ALSACE-LORRAINE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have read with interest the letter signed Winifred Stephens in your issue of October 24th, and I agree with her that the evidence which she brought forward on this subject proves that the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine had set their hearts upon autonomy rather than *revanche*. Before the outbreak of the war, the statement made by M. Jacques Preiss represented the settled policy of the representatives of the two provinces in the Reichstag. But since the beginning of August, other evidence of a very different character has been given by several authoritative witnesses.

On August 28th the Abbé Wetterlé, one of the leaders of the Autonomist Party in Alsace-Lorraine, published a declaration in the "Echo de Paris" to the effect that, while he had never hoped or expected that the fate of his beloved provinces would be settled by war, and had advocated the policy of autonomy within the German Empire, the outbreak of war had changed the whole situation. One of the conditions of peace must now be the return of Alsace and Lorraine to France. Herr Blumenthal, Mayor of Colmar, has said the same; and M. Auguste Lalancé, a former Alsatian deputy in the Reichstag, communicated to the "Journal de Genève" the following statement:—

"L'Alsace-Lorraine ne peut être ni allemande ni neutre. Pas allemande, parce que ses aspirations, son sol, son peuple, tout est français; pas neutre, parce que son industrie, les produits de son sol ne le lui permettent pas; il leur faut des débouchés, et neutralisée, ce serait la ruine de son industrie et de son agriculture."

From this evidence I think we are justified in concluding that the policy of Home Rule within the German Empire has been swept away by the war, and that a plebiscite of the two provinces would probably disclose an overwhelming majority in favor of the return to France. Such a plebiscite, at all events, must be one of the conditions of peace if the Allies win.—Yours, &c.,

A. F. WHYTE.

House of Commons, October 27th, 1914.

THE TREATMENT OF FRIENDLY ALIENS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Several letters have appeared already in various papers regarding the treatment of aliens in our midst, but I hope the authorities may be persuaded to relax the severity of their measures. How can they justify their action

in the case of Mr. Ilfeger, a German of Alsace, who has served his time in the German Army and has been for years engaged in business in London? He is now incarcerated at Olympia, and if kept there his business will be ruined. His sympathies are French. He is prepared to give guarantees and find sureties for good behavior; but he is now told that he may be released if he will volunteer to serve in the French Army. This he is prepared to do; but can there be anything meaner than this treatment? In the "home of the brave and the free," Scotland Yard will keep him in captivity, until it gets rid of its *spymania*, unless he agrees to fight for the Allies! This is worse than conscription!—Yours, &c.,

J. H. STALLARD.

Heatherdene, Grove Park, Chiswick, W.
October 27th, 1914.

"TRAITORS IN OUR MIDST."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There is reason to believe that in some cases bad clothing is being, and has been, supplied to the troops, and that the fears entertained in your article headed "Women and Children Last" are well grounded.

Let those contractors who are supplying bad stuff be brought to book and branded as traitors to their country. The press has a definite duty to perform in exposing these firms whose profits will be made so that men may die of pneumonia and other diseases arising where men are not properly clothed during the winter months. Not satisfied with helping the Germans to kill our men, they are under suspicion of sweating labor in order to produce these clothes.

Greater traitors than these, to my mind, cannot be found, and a way must be found to stamp out this blot without further delay.—Yours, &c.,

CARDROSS.

Bachelors' Club, Piccadilly, W.
October 27th, 1914.

THE TWO BOBRINSKYS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your number of to-day you refer to Count Bobrinsky, the new Governor of Galicia, as "that celebrated reactionary." Are you not confusing Count A. Bobrinsky with his cousin, Count Vladimir Bobrinsky, the reactionary member of the Duma? The new Governor of Galicia is, I believe, Count A. Bobrinsky, well known as an archæologist.—Yours, &c.,

EDWYN BEVAN.

Cavendish Club, October 24th, 1914.

THE GERMAN INTELLECT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As a nation, the Germans undoubtedly excel ourselves and others in their habits, natural and acquired, of laborious and concentrated study, and inasmuch as, in the present state of science, Nature yields her secrets at least as freely to the prolonged siege of industry as to the assault of genius, it is quite natural that a nation remarkable for its laborious students should mistake this characteristic for original force of intellect. But a little consideration shows the claim to be quite unfounded. The Germans are not a strikingly intellectual race, though they have what, as a nation, we have not—the habit and love of learning—a great asset.

The characteristics of a nation are best seen in its most eminent men. A musical giant does not arise among a non-musical people; and, similarly, an intellectual giant is no accident. Now, we have at least four intellectual giants—epoch-makers—in the region of science beside whom the Germans cannot place a single name—Bacon, Newton, Faraday, Darwin. The Germans have no one of this calibre. Take two of their greatest—Helmholtz and Hertz. We can fairly match them with such names as Joule, Clerk Maxwell, Kelvin, without drawing on our highest class at all. In literature we have the unapproachable name of Shakespeare; and, even setting aside our Elizabethans, where can

Germany point to such a group of poets as Byron, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Browning, Tennyson, Morris, Swinburne, all living within a century? These men are not accidents, unrelated to the mass of us; they are only examples of the highest form of English intellect. The average Englishman has vastly more originality and initiative than the average German, and our great imaginative poets and philosophers merely possess the national characteristic in its intensest form. From the point of view of the originating intellect, one would be inclined to place the German even somewhat low in the scale; reckoning, at any rate, besides our own, the nations that produced Galileo and Descartes above them. In the semi-intellectual, semi-sensuous sphere of music, Germany has, of course, produced unrivalled names, but that is another matter. Their claim is to pre-eminence in pure intellect. This cannot be allowed. At the same time, we should yield them all praise for their culture; and even the more if it should appear to be the culture of a comparatively inferior soil.

It would, I believe, be somewhat difficult to point to any one of the most important developments in modern civilization in which Englishmen have not taken the first step. Musicians tell me that even of music this is true. German scholarship is now supreme; but its history dates from Bentley. Even Hertz is founded on Crookes; and the Englishman's discoveries broke newer ground than the German's, beyond all comparison.

In a word, it is the German university system, not German intellect, that is superior to ours. Grant Duff, quoted by Mark Pattison, says: "How the Germans got before others in learning and intellectual cultivation can be told in a sentence. It was borne in on them that they were deficient in learning and cultivation, and they made a fierce, sustained, and, of course, successful effort to wipe away the reproach." The result was the German university, with its State-supported research. That is the beginning and the end of German intellect and their superiority in science and criticism.

We can yield them all honor for these things without over-rating their original powers.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE HOOKHAM.

Willersey, Glos., October 17th, 1914.

Poetry.

"ITAQUE QUIETUS EST."

ERE Antic Law would count him man,
He fill'd his life's appointed span,
And warring 'gainst an empire's lust
Hath laid the flaxen head in dust
Where our old foemen's friendly soil
With quiet crowns the brief-borne toil.

Ah, happy lad, no doom for thee
Of palsied hand and quivering knee,
Of ashes choking lively fire,
Or garlands trampled in the mire,
Nor that worst loneliness when all
Thy peers in age have heard the call.

Nor shalt thou heed if idle Fame
Forget to blaze abroad the name,
Or but bare letters on a stone,
Some dim and cold remembrance own;
Enough that from this hallow'd ark
'Twas duty sped thee to the dark.

JOHN SARGEANT.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Reminiscences of Tolstoy." By Ilva Tolstoy. Translated by George Calderon. (Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The United States and Peace." By W. H. Taft. (Murray. 5s. net.)
 "Work and Wages." Part III.—"Social Betterment." By S. J. Chapman. (Longmans. 9s. net.)
 "Emile Verhaeren." By Stefan Zweig. (Constable. 6s. net.)
 "The Philosophy of Change: A Study of the Fundamental Principles of the Philosophy of Bergson." By H. Wildon Carr. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)
 "Appearances: Being Notes of Travel." By G. Lowes Dickinson. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)
 "My Autobiography." By S. S. McClure. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Untilled Field." By George Moore. (Heinemann. 6s.)
 "The Witch." By Mary Johnston. (Constable. 6s.)

THERE is much that deserves the attention of students of literature as well as of students of politics in the Abbé Dimnet's book, "France Herself Again," just published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. Like all Frenchmen, M. Dimnet holds that the mood of a nation can best be discovered in its literature, and his analysis of the present temper of his country is illustrated by frequent references to the poets and novelists of the younger school. His main thesis is that the first thirty-five years of the Republic witnessed an intellectual deterioration due to "a baneful philosophy and a lawless literature" produced by the "sceptical, pessimistic, nihilistic generations" who during that period led France from bad to worse. The twin roots of this evil M. Dimnet finds in Romanticism and Naturalism—both alien from the traditions and temperament of the French people, seldom able to voice feelings that are deeply seated in the national soul, and consequently both failures. It follows from this that the generation of those who were young in 1870, was too much tainted by the virus to produce a literature truly French, and M. Dimnet's book is filled with criticisms of their humanitarianism, Socialism, and internationalism.

Now, M. Dimnet is an accomplished critic, but he is also an avowed reactionary and a Catholic priest, and I cannot help feeling that his desire for strong government and his ecclesiastical bias have some influence on his literary judgments. How otherwise can one explain such statements as that Taine "was a wizened old savant," Jaurès "only a ranter," M. Aulard "a carping specialist," M. Anatole France "a fossil," who, "were it not for his irony, would only be the top boy in a large class of pupils of Voltaire and Montesquieu, and, in better days, would not be taken seriously," and that "L'Île des Pingouins" is "a caricature of the history of France, conceived in the coarsest materialistic point of view of the Socialists, but drawn in the vein now of Rabelais and now of Voltaire, and deceiving the unguarded reader about its essential vulgarity by its cleverness"? Such verdicts show the priest's soutane imperfectly concealed beneath the critic's garb, and the bias is still more evident when we find that the application of the law depriving the teaching orders of their legal status forcibly reminds M. Dimnet "of the terrible anecdote of the Toulon massacres in 1793."

It would be presumptuous for a foreigner to correct M. Dimnet's views of his own literature, but in the case of the generation of 1870, we can appeal to a critic who, while not out of sympathy with M. Dimnet's general attitude, expresses himself with more measure and is less of an advocate. M. Victor Giraud, in the concluding essay of the second volume of his penetrating study, "Les Maîtres de l'Heure," dated January 1st, 1914, sums up the characteristics of the past generation of men of letters.

"A respectful and growing sympathy for religion in general, and for Catholicism in particular, sometimes going as far as formal adhesion; a most serious, most intense, and also very realist moral preoccupation; a very philosophical disposition to repudiate the illegitimate encroachments of science, and to confine it within its just limits; a free return in literature to our great national and classic tradition; a

great desire for social justice and political equity in a stronger, more respected, more united France—this seems to have been the common ideal of the literary generation whose work is ending to-day."

Like other ideals, it has been realized only in part. But it was the teaching of the men who held it, a teaching to which M. Dimnet does less than justice, that produced the "new spirit" from which he hopes so much.

ONE fruit of this new spirit is a return to the traditional French qualities of directness, finish, measure, and restraint. It leads M. Dimnet to hope that "after the Parnassian glacier and the decadent jungle, French poetry is coming to a more open space, where the sun and breeze of real inspiration may rise any day." Inspiration is to spring from patriotism, and poetry is to aim at being national above all things. But M. Dimnet is a little unfortunate in the list which he gives—Madame de Noailles, Francis Jammes, Viélé-Griffin, Henri de Régnier, Paul Fort, Claudel, and Verhaeren—of the poets who come closest to his ideal. Of these, Verhaeren is a Belgian; Viélé-Griffin is an American, the son of General Viélé-Griffin, of New York; Francis Jammes is a son of the tropics, and Madame de Noailles is of so mixed a descent that it is impossible to classify her nationality. Her grandfather was a Wallachian noble who married a Moldavian princess of Greek stock, while her mother was the daughter of Musurus Pasha, who acted as Turkish ambassador in London.

If we want to ascertain the tendencies of a time or country, we will find them most readily in the novel, and though M. Dimnet gives us an interesting account of contemporary French fiction, he does not find in it much of that ultra-patriotism for which he seems to be in search. There is, of course, Maurice Barrès and the literature of "provincialisme," the seeds of which were planted in his masterpiece, "Les Déracinés." But this is mainly a revolt against centralization both in life and letters, and it has at any rate the appearance of being in conflict with the idea of French unity. M. Romain Rolland, the other great success in fiction, stands by himself, and his vogue cannot be reassuring to literary Chauvinists. For the rest, M. Dimnet consoles himself with the belief that "literature is gradually resuming its true place, which is behind life as a beautiful reflection of life, and not in the forefront." I cannot help fancying that M. Dimnet would be less satisfied with this retirement to the rear if he could show us a few masterpieces that have been inspired by his own ideals. As it is, he is forced to admit that "not only have the young writers failed as yet to produce anything that may be named with the classics of the French language, but one hesitates to compare them with the authors mentioned above as entering the field before them, viz., Bourget, France, Loti, and, shortly afterwards, Barrès."

In truth, literary Chauvinism is not justified of her children. "La France aux Français" is a good political cry, but literature, like art and science, refuses to be confined within frontiers. It is the glory of France that she has been the first to seize upon fresh developments of thought in all countries, and that she has had the power to give them European currency. The stream of her literature is a wide water, and any effort to cut off its affluents can but diminish its beauty and force. And this is precisely what literary Chauvinism, especially when associated with Catholic prejudice, is trying to do. M. Dimnet's book ought to be read by everybody who cares for France and for French culture. But it seems to me that its author's attitude can best be judged from two sentences which it contains. He records, with apparent approval, the fact that "a very widely circulated weekly, 'Les Annales,' . . . having given offence on a few minor points to Catholic readers, not only made public amends for the slip, but applied to the Paris Archbishop for a priest who would correct the proofs from the theological standpoint." And in discussing the poets of the rising generation, he describes one of them as "an amazing handler of words and a sincere believer." Could there be better proof of critical bias than such a collocation?

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

A RUSSIAN OF THE RUSSIANS.

"Letters of Fyodor Michailovitch Dostoevsky to his Family and Friends." Translated by ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE. From the German of A. ELIASBERG. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)

"HERE comes the Scythian, the true Scythian, who is going to revolutionize our intellectual habits," wrote de Vogüé of Dostoevsky, and the latter's "Letters to his Family and Friends," ably translated from the German edition by Miss Mayne, exhale indeed the peculiar spirituality of the Muscovite. The volume throws scarcely a ray of light on the inner phantasmic world of Dostoevsky's imaginative conceptions, though it leaves one with the impression of a writer whose mental tenement was two-storied—viz., an upper one for healthy intercourse with his family and friends, for his natural absorption in his literary work and his patriotic and intellectual interests, and the lower one, a subterranean chamber, where the author evoked and interrogated his figures, normal or abnormal, sufferers or victims of morbid impulses and obsessions.

It is impossible not to feel moved by the intense sincerity of the letters in which Dostoevsky discloses his bad circumstances, physical weaknesses, daily struggles, his ruling passions, prejudices, dislikes, and ambitions. First, in a series of twenty letters to his beloved brother, Michael, we gain a full picture of his early penury, craving for books, first literary projects, and triumph with "Poor Folk," as well as of his immense conceit, irregular life, and swift disillusionment as to his success and prospects. Then, at twenty-six, his career is seemingly destroyed by his arrest, confinement in a fortress, and exile to Siberia for the crime of discussing in a student circle the subversive ideas of Fourier and Proudhon! Not till five years later do we find a description of his unbearable sufferings in the convict prison at Tobolsk:—

"The convicts are rough, angry, embittered men. Their hatred for the nobility is boundless: they regard all of us who belong to it with hostility and enmity. They would have devoured us if they only could. Judge then, for yourselves, in what danger we stood, having to cohabit with these people for some years, eat with them, sleep with them, and with no possibility of complaining of the affronts which were constantly put upon us.

"You nobles have iron beaks, you have torn us to pieces. When you were masters you injured the people, and now, when it's evil days with you, you want to be our brothers.

"... A military prison is much worse than the others. . . . We all lived together in one barrack-room. Imagine an old, crazy wooden building, that long ago should have been broken up as useless. In the summer it is unbearably hot, in the winter unbearably cold. All the boards are rotten. On the ground filth lies an inch thick; every instant one is in danger of slipping and coming down. The small windows are so frozen over that even by day one can hardly read. The ice on the panes is three inches thick. The ceilings drip, there are draughts everywhere. We are packed like herrings in a barrel. The stove is heated with six logs of wood, but the room is so cold that the ice never once thaws; the atmosphere is unbearable—and so through all the winter long. In the same room, the prisoners wash their linen, and thus make the place so wet that one scarcely dares to move. From twilight till morning we are forbidden to leave the barrack-room; the doors are barricaded. All the prisoners stink like pigs; they say that they can't help it, for they must live, and are but men. We slept upon bare boards; each man was allowed one pillow only. We covered ourselves with short sheepskins, and our feet were outside the covering all the time. It was thus that we froze night after night. Fleas, lice, and other vermin by the bushel. In the winter we got thin sheepskins to wear, which didn't keep us warm at all, and boots with short legs; thus equipped, we had to go out in the frost.

"... Add to all this that all around me was incessant malignity, turbulence, and quarrelling; then perpetual espionage and the impossibility of ever being alone even for an instant—and so in that variation for four long years. . . . I won't even try to tell you what transformations were undergone by my soul, my faith, my mind, and my heart in those four years."

This mental and moral "transformation" was a blend of "the religion of suffering," with a mystical patriotic glorification of the life and destiny of Russia. Henceforward, Dostoevsky showed a furious antipathy not only to Fourierism, Communism, and Socialism, but even to the mild Liberalism current, and its creed for the amelioration of Russian ills by the light of Western progress and reform. Far from Europe imposing her ideas on Russia, "in Russia Europe will find her final account: it is Russia's true mission," he writes from Siberia in 1856, adding, "I, for example, feel so near to all Russians that even the convicts never alarmed me; they were Russian . . . and I learnt at the same time that in my very inmost being, I always have been Russian." We must associate this "inmost state" with the Russian passion for resignation to one's fate and surrender to God's will, which implies both confession of one's unworthiness and submission to punishment. Thus, in a petition to General Totleben, in 1856, Dostoevsky writes: "I was guilty and am very conscious of it. I was convicted of the intention (but only the intention) of acting against the Government; I was lawfully and quite justly condemned. . . . But then, while I was still blind, I believed in all the theories and utopias." This instinct to fall back upon and embrace the hard rock of reality finds expression in his biting criticism of idealistic abstractions and theories. And when humanitarian aspirations are flung at an audience by "Socialists and revolutionary gentlemen," Dostoevsky's anger and contempt know no bounds. It is thus that he stigmatizes the Peace Congress in Geneva in 1867: "They flung down lies from the platform. It is quite indescribable. One can hardly realize, even for oneself, the absurdity, feebleness, futility, disunion, and the depths of essential contradictoriness. And it is this rabble which is stirring up the whole unfortunate working-class. It is too deplorable. That they may attain to peace on earth, they want to root out the Christian faith, annihilate the Great Powers, and cut them up into a lot of small ones, abolish capital, declare that all property is common to all, and so forth." Dostoevsky apparently accepted Alexander II's "reforms and changes," as proceeding from "our people's unexpected independence and maturity in their initiation," while he loathed "the faith in Europe and civilization in which our upper-classes are steeped." Never was patriot more miserable in his self-imposed exile from his father-land. Dostoevsky had fled abroad with his second wife in 1867, to escape his creditors, and because he felt that his epileptic fits were ruining his nerve and brain; but his homesickness speedily became a torture. "How can people endure this living abroad? . . . I need Russia for my work, for my life. (I speak of no life but that.) I am like a fish out of water; I lose all my energies, all my faculties. . . . Everywhere in foreign lands I feel like a slice cut from the loaf," he complains to his friend, Maikov. He reiterates that all foreign towns had a bad moral effect on him. Berlin was "tedious," the tiresome Germans "made him nervous and irascible, so he took refuge in the Russian baths. Then he proceeded to Dresden, where he solaced himself by reading Russian newspapers, and projected a long article on Russia's relations to Western Europe. It is amusing that the most attractive vision that Europe offered our Russian patriot was the roulette-table at Baden. The story of how Dostoevsky first won, and then lost every farthing, how he pawned his clothes, and how his young wife, "Anna Grigorovna, that angel!" pawned her underclothes, is well known; but, as Miss Mayne remarks, the important letter to Maikov, dated Geneva, August 16th, 1867, which recounts his "historic quarrel with Turgenev," is new to English readers. An extract will best make clear the bottomless gulf between Dostoevsky's intense Chauvinism and Turgenev's cosmopolitan sympathies. Of course, Dostoevsky has exaggerated Turgenev's attitude, but his personal animosity explains his bitterly spiteful caricature of his great rival in "The Possessed," the novel conceived about two years later:—

"I went about now and found him (Turgenev) at breakfast. I'll tell you frankly I never really liked that man. The worst of it is that since 1862, at Wiesbaden, I've owed him 50 dollars (which even to-day I haven't yet paid back!). I can't stand the aristocratic and pharisaical sort of way he embraces one and offers his cheek to be kissed. He puts on monstrous airs; but my bitterest complaint

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against him is his book, 'Smoke.' He told me himself that the leading idea, the point at issue in that book, is this: 'If Russia were destroyed by an earthquake and vanished from the globe, it would mean no loss to humanity—it would not even be noticed.' . . . I have noticed this: all those Liberals and Progressives who derive chiefly from Bielsky's school, find their pleasure and satisfaction in abusing Russia. . . . And (they) declare in the same breath that *they love Russia*. And yet they hate everything that is native to the soil, they delight in caricaturing it. . . . Amongst other things Turgenev told me that we are bound to crawl in the dust before the Germans, that there is but one universal and irrefutable way—that of civilization, and that all attempts to create an independent Russian culture are but folly and pigheadedness."

The irritated bias of this outburst must not blind us to its measure of truth. Turgenev's sensitive and generous spirit was so revolted by Russian vices that he ended by getting out of touch with circles in which the charm and goodness of the Russian nature were manifest. His outlook became perhaps too political as his cosmopolitan sympathies waxed stronger. But Dostoevsky could see nothing to admire in European civilization. He admires the Lake of Geneva, but detests the patriotism of the Swiss. "The people are so self-satisfied, so boastful. . . . Everything is ugly here, utterly rotten and expensive. The people are always drunk. . . . This confounded Geneva!"—and he exclaims against the idea of having one's children educated by a Frenchwoman:—"She will infect them with her vulgar, corrupt, ridiculous, and imbecile code of manners and her distorted notions about religion and society." Nor, when he gets to Italy, do the lovely sky, light, and air, and the unimaginable and incredible marvels of art compensate him for the advantages "of home and the Russians, without which I cannot live." He wrote that his two years' stay abroad, "without exaggeration, is worse than deportation to Siberia." When he gets to Dresden in 1870, though he allows "we are comfortable enough," he and his wife are longing so frightfully for Russia that "life here is quite unendurable." He realizes that everything "in our society is still fearfully puerile and crude," but adds, "if you only knew what a deep-drawn repulsion, almost approaching hatred, I have conceived for Western Europe during these four years!" The Franco-German War at first inspires him with the idea of France's reformation by suffering, as "gold is by fire." "France has of late become brutalized and degraded. . . . New life and reformation of the country are so important that even the bitterest trials are nothing by comparison"; but four months later he speaks of the Germans as "Attila's horde," and he does not doubt that if "the French can hold out for as much as three months, the Germans will be driven forth with shame and ignominy." It is interesting to note that the German professors, then as now, were "extraordinarily arrogant." "Paris must be bombarded!" was their cry. "They may be very scholarly, but they're frightfully limited. As to the populace, everybody can read and write, but everybody is terribly unintelligent, obtuse, stubborn, and devoid of any high ideals."

He had told Turgenev three years before, that the common people in Germany were "much more evil and dishonest and stupider than they are with us." He had no doubt of that. And the news of the Commune simply confirms his belief that "in Western Europe the peoples have lost Christ, and therefore Western Europe is tottering to its fall."

Dostoevsky's mystical patriotism seems, from his correspondence, to be based on an aversion for all progress that is not inspired by Christian ideals, and on his contention that Russia is going "to reveal to the world her own Russian Christ, whom as yet the peoples know not, and who is rooted in our native Orthodox faith." This religion of charity and pity is no doubt the source of the deepest and finest springs in the Russian soul, but the European peoples are still waiting to be "awakened" by Russia's practical example. Her aspiration and her spiritual potentialities certainly exist, and Tolstoy's Christian humanitarianism, which advocated "the only way" for mankind—"changing our lives, destroying the wall that separates us from the people, returning what we have taken from them, and drawing nearer to them and blending with them"—is the most thorough-going of all modern propaganda to lessen social wrong. But Dostoevsky's intense Slavophilism seemed

to circumscribe his circle of sympathies with humanity at large. His main idea from first to last was "veneration and love for the Russian people's God and its faith." "This is fellowship with the people, and only from the people is anything worth while to be looked for." There is a great truth in this democratic avowal, and though it is patently one-sided, one wonders to-day whether educated Europe has ever really grasped it. The ignorant peoples feel their brotherhood dumbly, even while their rulers send them against one another in war.

JEWRY IN THE MELTING-POT.

"Jewish Life in Modern Times." By ISRAEL COHEN (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Is this Armageddon?" an old countrywoman inquired of me, wistfully. She was interested less in the mighty issues of the war for her own race than in the joyous prospect of the return of the Jews to Palestine. I assured her that all the beasts of Daniel were in the fighting line, especially that fourth beast, dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly, with great iron teeth, the beast that devoured and brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with the feet of it; moreover, that Death was on his pale horse and Hell followed with him, exactly as predicted in Revelation. But I see that a greater authority than I—a rural rector to whom France is indubitably the right foot of the image of Daniel—has decided that this is but the sixth vial, not the seventh, the prelude or preparation, but not Armageddon itself, and that consequently the hour of Zion is not yet. It is only in 1934 that the Jews will return to Palestine.

While the Christian consciousness busies itself, more or less megalomaniacally, with the Jew, whether as Zion-builder or world-power, the Jew himself is dolefully announcing the end of his run. The American anthropologist, Maurice Fishberg, even doubts whether he has ever existed. Scientific research shows that his racial unity is a myth—he includes Teutonic, Slavonic, Turanian, Mongoloid, Negroid, Spanish, Assyrian, and other types, and even his notorious nose is found in only 12 to 15 per cent. The Viennese anthropologist, Ignaz Zollschan, challenging with his book, "Das Rassenproblem," the famous thesis of Houston Chamberlain and his disciples, that civilization is a creation of the Germanic race, and that the Jew is an inferior breed (Jesus being a German of Rhinish-Westphalian origin), yet remarks at the end of his brilliant work that his vindication of his race has only the value of an epitaph, since unless a territory can be found for them, the Jews are destined to disappear. The same conclusion is reached in Mr. Israel Cohen's more pedestrian study of "Jewish Life in Modern Times," the most compact and comprehensive work of its kind in existence, a treasury of facts and figures which should be in the hands of every student of the Jewish problem. Mr. Cohen claims, indeed, that the Jews are to be conserved by colonizing Palestine, and to that extent he will bring comfort to the amateurs of Armageddon. But to more scientific thinkers it is not easy to see how the plantation of three million Jews in Palestine—the maximum of possibility claimed even by the Secretary of the Zionist Organization—can suffice to rescue the other ten and a-half millions from the melting-pot. It is more likely to precipitate the melting process. Mr. Cohen explicitly maintains that the preservation of the Jews through all their vicissitudes can be explained purely by natural forces, and it is therefore odd that he should expect the reign of law to end with the inauguration of the Jewish Colonial Trust. It is the more paradoxical, inasmuch as he betrays no sympathy with Oriental Judaism, whose stagnation he contrasts with the intellectual activity of the Western Jewries. But if, as he tells us, the Jews of Eastern Europe "have produced a Jewish environment in a non-Jewish land," while the Jews of Western Europe are being absorbed, salvation would seem to lie rather in a revived Judaism, which can save all the Jews, than in a revived Judæa whose capacity is painfully limited. Of a religious renaissance, however, Mr. Cohen is as hopeless as he is sanguine of the preservative effect upon the diaspora of a Hebrew-speaking nucleus in Palestine. Such an absentee nationalism is politically impossible, and morally

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THE ordinary general meeting of this Company was held on the 29th inst. at the Holborn Restaurant, Sir Thomas R. Dewar, Chairman and Managing Director, presiding. In moving the adoption of the accounts, the Chairman said:

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We have more freely than usual written off to depreciation this year, and consider our assets in a most satisfactory state. I presume the shareholders are now more concerned about our future prospects, and it may interest you to know about the transition state of your Company *apropos* of the new arrangements. The day you confirmed the agreement we met Messrs. Lever Bros., and arranged the policy which we are now developing. We have been working in perfect concord with our new partners. Your directors were well satisfied when they completed the contract, and I have to say that they are still better pleased with our position to-day, notwithstanding all the dislocation of commerce throughout the world. The month of September just past was a record month, being the largest, not only in the time of this Company, but in the history of A. and F. Pears. As a natural consequence we have a larger staff of workpeople than we ever had before. The old *régime* is continuing intact, with the exception of those who have enlisted to do their duty as true patriots, including one of our directors, Captain Pears. In their places we have engaged men too old for military service. We are developing and broadening the field for an outlet for our old and new specialties, and the amount we may temporarily lose in turnover in the countries where this horrible war is in progress will, we are certain, be more than recouped in our new connections.

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worthless, and such a colonization merely assimilation transplanted, if what is spoken in Hebrew is only a translation of the commonplaces of Western civilization.

Mr. Cohen has an eloquent passage on the pitiful waste of blood, of hope, of prayer, through the Dark Ages of Jewry if national restoration were now surrendered as a mere fable. But this is an absolute falsification of history. The national restoration for which the Jew prayed had become inseparable from the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth. The Jewish martyrs of the Middle Ages went to the stake not for the unity of Jewry but for the unity of Jehovah. "In that day the Lord shall be One and His Name One." What would make these old Jews turn in their graves would be to read the atheistic articles of Jerusalem journalists, or to witness the crusades of the young colonists of Palestine against the Holy Sabbath. No doubt the 55,000 Jews of the old type who live in the ancient quarter of Jerusalem on the subsidies of the diaspora are economically reprehensible and spiritually contemptible to the Gradgrinds of the European Ghettos, but when I think of the blood-soused plains of Europe, I feel more strongly than ever that in these frowzy greybeards, poring over their obsolete Talmuds in the airless academes of the sunless stone alleys, and hugging their worm-eaten traditions to their captaed breasts, we have a finer type of humanity than the Prussian Junker in all his bravery, and that it pays a people better to keep up such a standing army of mystics and students than to nourish the insolence of a military caste.

It does not follow, however, that even the destruction of the religion which has preserved the Jew since the destruction of his State will succeed in destroying him. Possibly, the "hard-shell" Judaism which replaced the Jewish State was only a secretion of the instinct to live, race masking itself as religion. This vital instinct may work its cunning will, even if religion, as well as territory, fail it. Already baptized German Jews marrying among themselves constitute a new incarnation of "the eternal people." The difficulty of regathering the Jews into a Jewish State, their passionate preference for the lands of their birth (Russian Jews, safely in England or France, flocking now to fight for Russia) suggests that each section has evolved into a separate sub-species, the original type crossed-by the particular country. For a new environment is as capable of modifying a race as a new strain, and the Jews are everywhere sons of the soil as well as children of the Ghetto. They were a scattered people long before the fall of Jerusalem; does not the Book of Esther recount how their destruction was planned in Persia? They are still undestroyed, and indeed biologists tell us that the more widely a species is disseminated, the greater its chances of survival. Perhaps the instinct of Israel is wiser than his latter-day leaders. Those who menace him with disappearance unless he establish a State are inspired by a false analogy. What has happened in the West, where he has been emancipated in his tens of thousands, is no clue to what will happen in Russia, where he will be emancipated in his millions, and where, moreover, he will only be exposed to the absorptive power of an illiterate peasantry, which, even in his present degraded status, has yielded no few converts to his religion. In New York, with the greatest aggregation of Jews the world has ever known, the action of the crucible is impeded by the social anti-Semitism which leaves the Jew out in the cold, and by the continuous immigration from Russia which replaces the atoms liquefied. Not till the Tsar waves his wand and sets the Russian Jews free will the fusibility of the race be really tested, or its melting-point established—if it has one. In either case, the profit to Russia will be measureless. From that popular work, "Men Around the Kaiser," I gather that out of thirty-one "makers of modern Germany," no fewer than seven are Jews, a proportion all the more awkward for Houston Chamberlain, inasmuch as the Jews of Germany are less than one per cent. of its population.

Mr. Cohen tells us too much of the restrictions on the Russian Jews—which are only the psychology of the Russian bureaucracy—and too little of the Russian Pale, which, pitifully cramped and tragically baffled as its life is, is yet one of the richest reservoirs of genius on the planet. And its spiritual fermentation is as precious as its intellectual and artistic resources—there was recently even a propaganda for the reception of Jesus as a Hebrew Prophet. The rise and

development of a free Russian Jewry will be one of the most fascinating phenomena of the century.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

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"The Memoirs of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford." Written by HIMSELF. (Methuen. 2 vols. 30s. net.)

SINCE the advent of steam and armor-plate we seem to have lost touch with our Navy. It has become to us very largely a matter of statistics, of comparative strengths, of designs and types, and mechanical conventions. The human side of all this equipment has almost slipped from our minds. We have talked about "personnel" as we have talked of main and secondary armaments, tonnage and speed, but with much less appreciation of what the outlandish terms meant. Upon this "personnel" to-day has fallen the custody of our national life and our future, and we have suddenly realized, with many misgivings, our mistake in thus subordinating the man to the machine. Lord Charles Beresford's "Memoirs" are exceedingly lively reading, full of high spirits and breezy—sometimes boisterous—humor. At any time they would have made something of a stir. Their value now is that they bring us back into contact with our sailors. They show that our stokers and gunners and artificers and officers are pretty much the same sort of folk as the Jack Tars of Smollett and Marryat; that the same spirit enlivens a modern Dreadnought as an old three-decker; that the tradition of the Navy has gone on continuously. Lord Charles Beresford himself is a type and embodiment of that tradition. He entered the service as a midshipman in 1859, and hauled down his flag as Admiral of the Fleet in 1909. His first ship after leaving the "Britannia" was the "Marlborough," then the flagship of the Mediterranean station, a wooden three-decker that preferred to depend upon her sails, and only occasionally started up her despised "single-screw horizontal Maudsley engines." His next ship, "The Defence," was a half-and-half vessel; "a slovenly, unhandy, tea-kettle," our midshipman described it, in disgust, "which could not sail without steam; which had not even any royal masts; and which took minutes instead of seconds to cross top-gallant yards." And so he served in type after type until he commanded a fleet of the huge, black monsters that are now keeping guard in the North Sea. It is noteworthy that in his fifty years of service Lord Charles had a sailor's aesthetic enthusiasm for two very different kinds of craft. His first and best love, of course, was for the stately old sailing ships of the line—their neatness and order, snowy sails, taut rigging, immaculate decks, "their glittering perfection, spirit and fire, and pride." The transition vessels were "nightmares"; but in the late 'eighties and 'nineties beauty was restored to our warships, in Lord Charles's opinion, by a famous naval constructor. "Sir William White," he writes, "designed ships. The later Victorian Navy is his splendid monument; and it may yet be that history will designate those noble ships as the finest type of steam vessels of war."

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When he came to have command, he went on the principle that "the first essential of good discipline is to make officers and men as happy and comfortable as the exigencies of the Service permit." In Parliament, too, he has kept the welfare of the men ever in mind. As an instance of his thoughtfulness, we may take the improvements that he made on assuming the command of the "Undaunted" in 1889:—

"At that time the arrangements for the stokers were so bad that there was only one bath available for twenty men. My recommendation was that tubs of galvanized iron should be supplied, fitting into one another in nests, so that the extra baths occupied less space than the one regulation bath. I also had lockers of lattice work supplied for the stokers' clothing, instead of closed and insanitary lockers. . . . Again, the hatchway ladders were made with sharp nosings, against which the men injured their legs, and I suggested that these should be formed with rounded nosings instead. A ship of war is naturally uncomfortable; but why make it unnecessarily disagreeable?"

These are the little things that matter. It is said that Lord Charles Beresford has been immensely popular with the rank and file in the Navy. It is easy to understand why.

On two occasions only in his long career did Lord Charles Beresford see actual fighting. The first was the Bombardment of Alexandria, and he re-tells the story of the "Condor's" gallant exploit and of his subsequent success as Provost-Marshal in repressing rioting and incendiarism in the city.

Two years later he accompanied Lord Wolseley's expedition up the Nile. His account of this campaign, and particularly of the work of the Desert Column, takes up several chapters. It is amazingly vivid. Lord Charles would have been an ideal war correspondent. His description of the fight at Abu Klea, for example, is a first-rate piece of work. An occasional touch gives quite a perspective. Thus, describing a bivouac in the desert after a terrible day's march, he writes:—

"We lay down where we were without food or blankets, and suffered the coldest night in my remembrance. It is suggested to me by a friend who has seen much service in many wars that, owing probably to the exhaustion of the nerves, men are far more susceptible to cold after a battle. He himself recalls the night after Magersfontein as the coldest he ever experienced."

Politics hardly enter into these Memoirs. "There is nothing quite so dead as dead politics," Lord Charles writes; and he frankly confesses that party politics as such have never interested him. He tells, not at undue length however, and with some justifiable pride, of his various agitations for the reform or the increase of the Navy. Though a vehement controversialist and a hard-hitter, it is noteworthy that none of his personal references in these Memoirs is inimical, or even disparaging. Once in the Lobby, however, a fellow-member reproached him for attacking Mr. John Morley (now Lord Morley). "You really ought not to say these things," he expostulated. "Why do you make these assertions?" "Because," said Lord Charles, "I have read Mr. Morley's works." "You know very well," said the member, "that you have never read any of his books." To which the reply was, "I beg your pardon. I never go to sleep without reading one of Mr. Morley's books, and I never read one of Mr. Morley's books without going to sleep." These volumes are sprinkled thick with anecdotes. Most of them are in the broad style of Marryat,

and have a salt tang; many of them are gems; but they are too numerous to quote from, and the reader must be left to rifle this treasury for himself. Lord Charles has a way of enlivening the most trivial details with a sparkle. He makes a casual reference to a model dairy farm that he set up while he was near Chatham, and the "daily procession of my large and shining milk-cans" through the streets. And he adds the whimsical reflection that "I was not in the sad case of Captain Edward Pellew (afterwards Lord Exmouth), who, upon quitting the sea and taking a farm in 1791, complained that the crops grew so slowly that they made his eyes ache." It is said that everybody loves a sailor. Lord Charles Beresford may be forgiven his faults—at least, for the purpose of this review—for he is, every inch of him, a sailor.

IN THE ANCIENT MANNER.

"The Whalers." By J. J. BELL. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

"Tony Bellew." By MARGARET PETERSON. (Melrose. 6s.)

"The Hidden Children." By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. (Appleton. 6s.)

"The Gentleman Adventurer." By H. C. Bailey. (Methuen. 6s.)

A NATURAL result of the war is that the old, adventurous, semi-adult "deeds of derring do" type of romance is coming into fashion again. It is not a very agreeable reversion, for such a mode hoists the element of action, and usually crude, grotesque, and extravagant action, above every artistic or psychological element. The penalty that such books have to pay is not so much the penalty of the pretentious and the tasteless, but of dullness and monotony. There are so many thousand different ways of speaking, behaving to and thinking of your fellow man, but the diversity of method in killing or rescuing him is limited. On the other hand, the swash-buckling romance type is not quite so vicious as the novel of the modern sentimental school. Its conventions are not nearly so subtle a defiance of art and reality as the more modish and artificial popular novel of to-day. There is always something rather attractive about straightforward narrative, however guiltless of style or distinction, and its shortcomings, one is inclined to think, should receive more indulgence at the hands of truth than the half-sensational, half-domestic, and wholly spurious "best-sellers." It is this honesty and directness of purpose that makes the eighteenth-century novel (before the days of the Gothic revival) so entirely satisfying.

"The Whalers" is a good example of simple, unostentatious, and unambitious narrative. It is a series of pictures of whale-fishery off the Icelandic coasts. The stories are quite self-contained, but they are loosely threaded together, in the spirit, by the same environment, and, in the letter, by preserving the identical characters right through. Since the introduction of the harpoon, fired from a steamer with a bomb attached, personal risk has been largely eliminated from the business of hunting whales. That is all to the good, for Mr. Bell, instead of devoting himself to the hairbreadth escapes of unwilling Jonahs, has leisure to observe, and in some measure to analyze, the psychology of the Norwegian fisher-folk. Though he never achieves a deliberate style, he writes so freshly and spontaneously that much of his information must have been first-hand. The hunting is brutal and callous enough, and Mr. Bell does not waste sympathy on the poor whale. But with the men it is just a profession, like any other, only harder and more uncomfortable. They earn good wages, and the companies, in a fat year, issue a thumping dividend. There Mr. Bell leaves it. Of course, what is wrong with the book is just this matter of style. Style is such an anachronism in modern fiction that even the better novelists think they can dispense with it. But it is as indispensable to the homeliest as to the most complex study of manners, and the tale is nothing, unless you know how to tell it, and these stories, genuine and unpretentious as they are, lack that touch of electricity, which an elastic and conscious expression would have given them.

"Tony Bellew" is a kind of compromise between the school of sentiment and the school of adventure. Its

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Reserve Fund - - - Yen 19,250,000

The Sixty-Ninth Half-Yearly General Meeting of Shareholders was held at the Head Office, Yokohama, on the 10th September, 1914, when the Directors submitted the following Statement of the Liabilities and Assets of the Bank, and of the Profit and Loss Account, for the Half-Year ended 30th June, 1914, which was duly approved.

BALANCE SHEET, 30th June, 1914.

LIABILITIES.		Y.
Capital (paid up)	30,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	18,900,000.00
Reserve for Doubtful Debts	1,422,445.84
Notes in Circulation	7,587,468.86
Deposits (Current, Fixed, &c.)	187,232,374.74
Bills Payable, Bills Re-discounted, Acceptances and other Sums due by the Bank	145,831,296.83
Dividends Unclaimed	8,943.77
Amount brought forward from last Account	1,267,488.68
Net Profit for the past Half-year	2,197,917.56
		Yen 394,547,836.28

ASSETS.		Y.
Cash Account:— In Hand	30,899,264.78
At Bankers	12,835,608.74
		43,734,873.52
Investments in Public Securities	21,647,223.75
Bills Discounted, Loans, Advances, &c.	128,097,716.36
Bills Receivable and other Sums due to the Bank	185,445,369.60
Bullion and Foreign Money	1,683,910.22
Bank's Premises, Properties, Furniture, &c.	3,943,742.83
		Yen 394,547,836.28

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

To Interests, Taxes, Current Expenses, Rebate on Bills Current, Bad and Doubtful Debts, Bonus for Officers, and Clerks, &c.	19,547,241.25
To Reserve Fund	350,000.00
To Dividend (12 per cent. per annum)— { yen 6.00 per Old Share for 240,000 shares } { yen 1.50 per New Share " }	...	1,800,000.00
To Balance carried forward to next Account	1,315,406.24
		Yen 23,012,647.49

By Balance brought forward 31st December, 1913	1,267,488.68
By Amount of Gross Profits for the Half-year ending 30th June, 1914	21,745,158.81
		Yen 23,012,647.49

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originality lies in the fact that it contains the germ of an idea—the ultimate predominance of Indian blood in a Eurasian half-breed, with an English father and a native Indian mother. Tony is in every way an agreeable and even an intelligent young man, but when he is jilted by the purposeless Margaret, he takes to drink, and proves himself unfit to marry the sturdy and conscientious Joan, who is willing, but only just willing, to undergo the sacrifice. The book begins well, and its presentment is sure, precise, and unambiguous. But no sooner on its way than it runs clean off the lines. It tapers off irremediably into futilities, irrelevancies, and mock-heroics, with never a gleam of vigorous purpose or sanity. Tony shoots himself in a perfect fever of delicacy, apparently to spare Joan the discomfort of throwing him over. Well, it ends the book, as it does our sympathies with it. As the author puts it in a chapter-heading: "And Heaven crashed down my little dream to mar" (R. Le Gallienne). Unfortunately, Heaven has nothing to do with it. It is Miss Peterson, fainting in the avid arms of the conventional canons.

Mr. Chambers's story is not a compromise, but a combination between the sentimental and the adventurous. Here is a novel, with only one prominent episode in it—the march of the American rebels in the War of Independence to ravage the lands of the Iroquois Confederacy, the ally of the English. Here is a novel with thousands of merely bloodthirsty savages on the one side, and a handful of noble, stalwart, and manly Indians on the other. Here is a novel with a few noble, stalwart, and manly officers in it, and half-a-dozen mincing ladies. And here is a novel with the noble, stalwart, and manly Evan Lockiel in it, and the maiden Lois, who, in spite of living some time as a kind of *rivandière* among the rag-tag and bob-tail of the soldiery, is all that sweetness, comeliness, and tender, naive sentiment could desire. And Mr. Chambers runs his novel into six hundred and fifty-one pages! It is magnificent, but it is not compression. The exploit is the more remarkable when one considers that, as the crow flies, one might have polished it all off in something under a hundred pages. Of course, conversation in Indian patois between Evan and Lois, with the English equivalent hard by, makes up for a little. Neither are Evan and Lois at all reticent or ashamed of repetition in the plain English tongue. And there is description—deluges of it.

The faults and virtues of the "Gentleman Adventurer" are that it is absolutely true to type—that it is the complete, old-fashioned romance, without adulteration or reservation. Yes, it is even about pirates and the Spanish Main! The characters are, in fact, nearly all pirates, even the hero—and the heroine herself sails a-buccaneering with him, which is not so improper as it might be, or we might say, as it should be. For art, it is sad to reflect, will have none of the proprieties, which is perhaps why it is so justly unpopular in England. For the time being, we had the temerity to hope that we should have a glimpse of pirates as they really were. And then, of course, we are swamped by altruism. For our filibusterers are not a bit disreputable. No, their ideal is to rid the Main of the fiendish Estevan, who, in the guise of a Nabob-cum-Nero, lives in his island, with a seraglio, a staff of gladiators, and a disposition towards elaborate torture. So, you see, they are quite respectable pirates, and there is nothing to shock the sensibilities of the refined reader after all. Apart from this nonsense, the author has a way with him in telling a story.

The Week in the City.

THE war expenditure is rapidly growing, and so are the Estimates. One hears that our own has risen to 1½ millions a day, and the Germans appear to have raised their official Estimates from one to three millions sterling a day. The feeling grows that this pace cannot last. So far we have managed with Treasury bills at low rates of interest; but a big loan is no doubt coming. The Russian Government hopes to raise some Treasury bills in London, following the example of France. Canada and South Australia are both relying upon London, so that we shall soon have our hands full. In spite of all this money is still easy, and there is a good demand for bills.

SUGAR PRICES.

The prohibition of sugar imports is the natural sequel to the big Government purchases, made early in the war at panic prices. But it seems very hard on confectioners and consumers in this country that artificial prices should be maintained here when the true market prices have fallen to a low figure. If this policy is maintained, manufacturers of jam, confectionery, sweets, &c., will clamor for protection against Swiss and Dutch rivals. A member of the confectionery trade writes: "If the Government think it necessary to inflate the price of sugar by creating a restrictive monopoly, the loss should be borne by the community as a whole rather than by a few unfortunate manufacturers. I don't see why we should be compelled to pay the Government more for their sugar than it is worth merely because they happen to have made a bad speculation."

THE ARGENTINE RAILWAYS.

Stockholders of the Argentine railways have this year to accept lower dividends than those to which they have been accustomed for many years past. This is due to the commercial depression in the country which began with a collapse of land speculation, and was made worse by restriction of capital expenditure by the railways themselves. The Great Southern and Western, which usually pay 7 per cent., are both paying 5 per cent. this year, and the Central Argentine, which up to now has paid a regular 6 per cent. dividend, is also paying 5 per cent. This company, however, is the only one which has not drawn upon its carry-forward to pay even the reduced dividend, as the following figures show:—

	B.A. Great Southern.	B.A. Western.	Central Argentine.
	£	£	£
Gross Receipts	5,464,588	2,529,178	6,058,140
Expenses	3,200,093	1,487,752	3,546,734
Fixed charges	1,275,412	448,700	848,058
Balance	989,083	592,727	1,663,348
Dividends	1,146,604 (5%)	670,770 (5%)	1,449,936 (5%)

The Buenos Ayres and Pacific has not yet issued its report, but its figures can hardly be any better relatively than those of the others, as its gross receipts were 12½ per cent. below those of last year. The Central Argentine serves the most developed part of the country, and its gross receipts were only 10 per cent. lower than the very good receipts of last year, which were swollen by exceptionally good maize and wheat crops in the company's territory. There is no doubt that with a return of commercial progress in the Argentine the railways will recover, though it must be some time before the lines they have built lately become as remunerative as the older parts of their systems.

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